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THE LITTLE REVIEW

A QUARTERLY JOURNAL
OF ART AND LETTERS

BRANCUSI NUMBER

AUTUMN

1921

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MONROE WHEELER, Publishers, Evanston, Ill.

Second-class privilege applied for

Autumn

1921

THE LITTLE REVIEW

QUARTERLY JOURNAL
OF ART AND LETTERS

SUBSCRIPTION

YEARLY: \$7.00

£2 FOREIGN

SINGLE NUMBER

\$2.00

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address: 27 west eighth street, new york
english office: egoist publishing co., 23 adelphi
terrace house, robert street, london w. c. 2.

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LITTLE REVIEW

27 WEST EIGHTH—NEW YORK

REORGANIZED

AUTUMN NUMBER

As PROTEST against the suppression of the Little Review containing various in-
stalments of the "ULYSSES" of JAMES JOYCE, the following artists and writers of
international reputation are collaborating in the autumn number of Little Review:
BRANCUSI, JEAN COCTEAU, JEAN HUGO, GUY CHARLES CROS, PAUL MORAND,
FRANCIS PICABIA, EZRA POUND.

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BRANCUSI

I CARVE a thesis in logic of the eternal beauty," writes Remy de Gourmont in his "Sonnets à l'Amazone." A man hurls himself toward the infinite and the works of art are his vestiges, his trace in the manifest.

It is perhaps no more impossible to give a vague idea of Brancusi's sculpture in words than to give it in photographs, but it is equally impossible to give an exact sculptural idea in either words or photography. T. J. Everets has made the best summary of our contemporary aesthetics that I know, in his sentence "A work of art has in it no idea which is separable from the form." I believe this conviction can be found in earlier vorticist explanations, and in a world where so few people have yet dissociated form from representation, one may, or at least I may as well approach Brancusi via the formulations by Gaudier-Brzeska, or by myself in my study of Gaudier:

"Sculptural feeling is the appreciation or masses in relation."

"Sculptural ability is the defining of these masses by planes."

. "Every concept, every emotion presents itself to the vivid consciousness in some primary form. It belongs to the art of that form."

I don't mean to imply that vorticist formulæ will "satisfy" Brancusi, or that any formula need ever satisfy any artist, simply the formulæ give me certain axes (plural of *axis*, not of *ax*) for discrimination.

I have found, to date, nothing in vorticist formulæ which contradicts the work of Brancusi, the formulæ left every man fairly free. Gaudier had long since revolted from the Rodin-Maillol mixture; no one who understood Gaudier was fooled by the cheap Viennese Michaelangelism and rhetoric of Mestrovic. One understood that "Works of art attract by a resembling un-

likeness"; that "The beauty of form in the still stone can not be the same beauty of form as that in the living animal." One even understood that, as in Gaudier's brown stone dancer, the pure or unadulterated motifs of the circle and triangle have a right to build up their own fugue or sonata in form; as a theme in music has its right to express itself.

No critic has a right to pretend that he fully understands any artist; least of all do I pretend, in this note, to understand Brancusi (after a few weeks acquaintance) even as well as I understood Gaudier (after several years' friendship); anything I say here effaces anything I may have said before on the subject, and anything I say the week after next effaces what I say here—a pale reflection of Brancusi's general wish that people would wait until he has finished (i. e., in the cemetery) before they talk aesthetics with or about him.

At best one could but clear away a few grosser misconceptions. Gaudier had discriminated against beefy statues, he had given us a very definite appreciation of stone as stone; he had taught us to feel that the beauty of sculpture is inseparable from its material and that it inheres in the material. Brancusi was giving up the facile success of representative sculpture about the time Gaudier was giving up his baby-bottle; in many ways his difference from Gaudier is a difference merely of degree, he has had time to make statues where Gaudier had time only to make sketches; Gaudier had purged himself of every kind of rhetoric he had noticed; Brancusi has detected more kinds of rhetoric and continued the process of purgation.

When verbally intelligible he is quite definite in the statement that whatever else art is it is not "*crise des nerfs*"; that beauty is not grimaces and fortuitous gestures; that starting with an ideal of form one arrives at a mathematical exactitude of proportion, but *not by* mathematics.

Above all he is a man in love with perfection. Dante believed in the "melody which most in-centres the soul"; in the preface to my *Guido* I have tried to express the idea of an absolute rhythm, or the possibility of it. Perhaps every artist at one time or another believes in a sort of elixir or philosopher's stone produced by the sheer perfection of his art; by the alchemical

sublimation of the medium; the elimination of accidentals and imperfections.

Where Gaudier had developed a sort of form-fugue or form-sonata by a combination of forms, Brancusi has set out on the maddeningly more difficult exploration toward getting all the forms into one form; this is as long as any Buddhist's contemplation of the universe or as any mediæval saint's contemplation of the divine love,—as long and even as paradoxical as the final remarks in the *Divina Commedia*. It is a search easily begun, and wholly unending, and the vestiges are let us say Brancusi's "Bird," and there is perhaps six months' work and twenty years' knowledge between one model of the erect bird and another, though they appear identical in photography. Therein consisting the difference between sculpture and sketches. Plate No. 5 shows what looks like an egg; I give more photos of the bust than of this egg because in the photos the egg comes to nothing; in Plate No. 12 there is at the base of the chimaera an egg with a plane and a groove cut into it, an egg having infantile rotundities and repose.

I don't know by what metaphorical periphrase I am to convey the relation of these ovoids to Brancusi's other sculpture. As an interim label, one might consider them as master-keys to the world of form—not "his" world of form, but as much as he has found of "the" world of form. They contain or imply, or should, the triangle and the circle.

Or putting it another way, every one of the thousand angles of approach to a statue ought to be interesting, it ought to have a life (Brancusi might perhaps permit me to say a "divine" life) of its own. "Any prentice" can supposedly make a statue that will catch the eye and be interesting from *some* angle. This last statement is not strictly true, the present condition of sculptural sense leaving us with a vastly lower level both of prentises and "great sculptors"; but even the strictest worshipper of bad art will admit that it is infinitely easier to make a statue which can please from *one* side than to make one which gives satisfaction from no matter what angle of vision.

It is also conceivably more difficult to give this formal-satisfaction by a single mass, or let us say to sustain the formal-

interest by a single mass, than to excite transient visual interests by more monumental and melodramatic combinations.

Brancusi's revolt against the rhetorical and the kolossal has carried him into revolt against the monumental, or at least what appears to be, for the instant, a revolt against one sort of solidity. The research for the aerial has produced his bird which stands unsupported upon its diminished base (the best of jade carvers and netsuke makers produce tiny objects which also maintain themselves on extremely minute foundations. If I say that Brancusi's ideal form should be equally interesting from all angles, this does not quite imply that one should stand the ideal temple on its head, but it probably implies a discontent with any combination of proportions which can't be conceived as beautiful even if, in the case of a temple, some earth-quake should stand it up intact and end-ways or turned-turtle. Here I think the concept differs from Gaudier's, as indubitably the metaphysic of Brancusi is outside and unrelated to vorticist manners of thinking.

The great black-stone egyptian patera in the British museum is perhaps more formally interesting than the statues of Memnon.

In the case of the ovoid, I take it Brancusi is meditating upon pure form free from all terrestrial gravitation; form as free in its own life as the form of the analytic geometers; and the measure of his success in this experiment (unfinished and probably unfinishable) is that from some angles at least the ovoid does come to life and appear ready to levitate. (Or this is perhaps merely a fortuitous anecdote, like any other expression.)

Crystal-gazing?? No. Admitting the possibility of self-hypnosis by means of highly polished brass surfaces, the polish, from the sculptural point of view, results merely from a desire for greater precision of the form, it is also a transient glory. But the contemplation of form or of formal-beauty leading into the infinite must be dissociated from the dazzle of crystal; there is a sort of relation, but there is the more important divergence; with the crystal it is a hypnosis, or a contemplative fixation of thought, or an excitement of the "sub-conscious" or unconscious (whatever the devil they may be), and with the ideal form in

marble it is an approach to the infinite *by form*, by precisely the highest possible degree of consciousness of formal perfection; as free of accident as any of the philosophical demands of a "Paradiso" can make it.

This is not a suggestion that all sculpture should end in the making of abstract ovoids; indeed no one but a genius wholly centred in his art, and more or less "oriental" could endure the strain of such effort.

But if we are ever to have a bearable sculpture or architecture it might be well for young sculptors to start with some such effort at perfection, rather than with the idea of a new Laocoon, or a "Triumph of Labour over Commerce." (This suggestion is mine, and I hope it will never fall under the eye of Brancusi. —But then Brancusi can spend most of his time in his own studio, surrounded by the calm of his own creations, whereas the author of this imperfect exposure is compelled to move about in a world full of junk-shops, a world full of more than idiotic ornamentations, a world where pictures are made for museums, where no man has a front-door that he can bear to look at, let alone one he can contemplate with reasonable pleasure, where the average house is each year made more hideous, and where the sense of form which ought to be as general as the sense of refreshment after a bath, or the pleasure of liquid in time of drouth or any other clear animal pleasure, is the rare possession of an "intellectual" (heaven help us) "aristocracy."

EZRA POUND.

EIN GESANG

“ **I** SABEL du schwarzer Pyjama
Draussen die Welt klingt von den Kronen
Gottes
Auf den Zwillingen spielen verlassene Man-
dولين

Ausser dir

Und ausser mir

Wäre die Welt nicht mehr möglich

Aber doch kann ein Baum der Felsschlucht mit der
grünen Seele sich nach uns tasten

Eine Trambahn drüben am trostlosen Endpunkt aller
Haltestellen

Wartet zwischen Schuppen und Kartoffeln auf ihre
Schwester

Und stirbt zehnmal an Schwindsucht und Sehnsucht

Glocken erwecken uns immer aus dem Schlafgrab

Ach Isabel du schwarzer Ppjama es gibt noch tausend
andere Glücke

Jedes Streichholz kann dir Bengalien wert sein

Ausser dir und ausser mir das All!”

Aber im Nebenzimmer Nummer 19 sang der Seifen-
fabrikant

Ganz dasselbe wie ich seiner blonden Emmi

Und der Pikkolo sang das Gleiche der schwangeren
Köchin

Und am nächsten Morgen streichen wir alle Semmeln
und goldenen Honig: das heisst Liebe!

Sehnsucht der unaufhörlichen Welle

Meere fahren vorbei mit Karawanen und Oasen

Ganze Völker des Wassers

Jede einzelne Wellenschwester kennt mich
Isabel, mein Blut ist dieses Meer
Ich hörte den Regenfall dieser sternarmen Nacht
Jeder Tropfen beklopfte mein Herz
Wieviel Tropfen starben in Narzissenkelchen und
Gosseneimern
Wieviel Leben wieviel Sehnsucht der ganzen Welt

Man könnte auch Revolutionär werden
Misanthrop aus Menschenliebe
Das Wort Barrikade ist ultramarinblau und gefällt mir
sehr
Ich sah einen Bettler auf den Fortifikationen
Ein gelber gestohlener Fisch hing wie ein Bart von
seinem sauren Munde
Und doch war ein Heiligenschein um seinen Schlapphut
An jenem Tage wurde ich Sozialist
Gewiss das Bier am ersten Mai schmeckt frischer als
im Hofbräu
Und die Arbeiterkinder haben Tuberkulose

Zunächst verfasst man ein Pamphlet:
Der grüne Soldat schweigt steif in seinen Monumenten
Sardinenbüchsen Helme und Troddeln der Kultur bam-
meln im Wind
Ich glaube aber dass es immer Schlächter geben wird
"Ehre" ist das Misstrauen gegen sich selbst
Früher war Ehre ein Scheck auf die Bank Roland &
Siegfried
Genossen! Die Kartoffel und der Gulasch! Hurra!
Und dann blutet man leise
Aus der Stirn
Der Eiffelturm speit brennende Opfersprüche nach
Nauen

*Am Niagara schöpft man die Pferdekräfte
Zur Verurteilung der Verbrecher: Sing-Sing*

Man könnte also auch Revolutionär werden!

Später erörtert man folgendes:

Ich bin ein guter Mensch ich bin kein guter Mensch

Ich bin ein guter Mensch ich bin kein guter Mensch

Ich bin ein guter Mensch ich bin kein

*Dies tägliche Gebet zu Gott! .Aber Vera-Shoe bleibt
immer der beste!*

*Schliesslich muss man den Wechsel des Spediteurs ein-
treiben*

Dann wird man geborener Revolutionär

*Ich werfe zehn Centimes unter die Menge der Papst
schickt mir ein Radiogramm*

Die Illustrierten Blätter lassen mich in effigie lächeln

Und alle Friseure zeigen mich den Kunden

O Herr der Menschen, ich bin unfähig

Vera-Shoes an feine Damen zu verkaufen

Unfähig Isabel immer Semmeln mit Honig zu streichen

Unfähig zum Revolutionär der Bauern und Tiere

Ich bin unbegabt für Europa

Auf irgendwelcher Hemisphäre schluchzt eine Witwe:

“Ich liebe ihn er liebt mich nicht!”

*Mein spöttisches Profil liegt in ihrem Herzen auf rotem
Samt*

*Eventuell könnte die Stadt Ottawa mich zum Bürger-
meister wählen*

Aber ich kann keine Antrittsrede halten

Und Felix ist ein schlechter Name für diese Zeit

Doch fühle ich Lerchen gurgeln in meiner Kehle

*Der Baum klagt in meinem Gerippe der jetzt mit dem
Sturm kämpft*

*Ueberall scheint der Mond und Schopenhauer ist in
jeder Buchhandlung käuflich
Das Wohnzimmer meiner Mutter ist gelb und violett
mit Blümchen tapeziert
Dies alles und meine Zigarette der Stern der Motten
Ich bin wie Gott*

*Frag nicht mehr ob gut ob nichtgut
Buddha ging im Frühling nicht aus um kein Leben zu
töten
Und atmete doch dass tausend Miasmen immer dran
starben
Frag nicht mehr ob gut ob nichtgut
Der Baum frisst die Luft Käfer den Baum Vogel den
Käfer
Schlange den Vogel Erde die Schlange Luft die Erde
Warum soll ich sein? Warum
Nicht sein? Was ist das Beste?
"Vera-Shoe ist der beste!"
Mensch ich verbiete dir das Warum*

*Wir müssen uns sehr in uns zusammenfalten
Was schiert es den Bambus was schiert es die Ratte
Die Zahlen unseres Hirns sind zu schwach Sekunden zu
tragen
Weise ist der schweigende Stein
Gut ist der Klee der die Blättchen auf- und zumacht
Der Klee ist einsam
Und einfach
Seien wir einsam
Und einfach*

IWAN GOLL

FUMIGATIONS

JE voudrais visiter l'intérieur des plantes et aussi l'intérieur des gens, comme on visite l'intérieur des églises, arriver à diminuer mon individu de telle façon que je puisse me glisser, m'asseoir, me reposer dans le coeur d'un ami, m'introduire dans sa vessie et, à l'aide d'une petite pirogue, boucher le canal de l'urètre afin de faciliter les inondations mortelles; faire des ascensions dans le foie m'encordant avec d'autres excursionnistes qui auraient, eux aussi, plaisir à vivre parmi les bacilles du tube digestif et à villégiaturer sur les plages du rein! Mais nous devons nous contenter de la périphérie terrestre et faire des courses à chameau dans le désert; je dois réhabiliter ici le chameau, cet animal n'a jamais donné le mal de mer à personne, c'est une pure invention des officiers de marine. Mais quelle était donc l'idée première de mon article? C'est là l'important et j'ai beau chercher je ne retrouve plus cette idée, d'ailleurs j'avais le pressentiment que cela m'arriverait, lorsque j'ai commencé à écrire, continuons donc par n'importe quoi.

Un de mes amis m'a dit l'autre jour que j'étais un mauvais européen! Sans doute lui, se juge-t-il comme un bon européen parceque, tel un filtre Pasteur, il filtre tout; il filtre les clowns, il filtre les nègres; n'est-ce-pas, filtrer, c'est tout ce que peut faire l'Europe après s'être épuisée en efforts pour la conquête de l'Alsace-Lorraine! Filtrer l'Alsace-Lorraine serait assez curieux; nous aurions bien vite le plaisir d'entendre une jolie romance berlinoise! Je suis un mauvais européen comme je suis un mauvais Américain, comme je suis un mauvais peintre, un mauvais littérateur, un mauvais mari, mais . . . je conduis très bien les voitures automobiles! Je voudrais tellement faire de la peinture comme je conduis une automobile, 130 à l'heure sans écraser personne—dans Paris, naturellement! Enfin mon ami le bon européen est bon littérateur, bon dessinateur, bon poète mais, il ne sait pas conduire une automobile! Peut-être, moi non plus d'ailleurs! Ce serait bien amusant de conduire une voiture à deux directions, une à l'avant, l'autre à l'arrière, surtout si cette voiture était peinte en rose et noir! allons, tout

cela est déjà bien vieux. . . .

Je voudrais trouver un ingénieur qui sait à même de réaliser ma dernière invention; cette invention consiste à monter des cercles autour de la terre, cercles qui seraient rendus immobiles par une attraction centripète; sur ces cercles seraient bâtis des palaces qui tourneraient sur eux-mêmes. En cette façon, sans quitter notre chambre, nous ferions le tour du monde, ou plutôt nous le verrions faire son tour en 24ro! Voici le Caire avec la vision des Pélerins de la Mecque, la Haute-Egypte, puis New York, Broklin et Riverside drive, voici Paris, la Seine, etc., etc., et pendant ce défilé inouï, des jeunes filles joueraient au piano des mélodies de Reynaldo Hahn! Il n'y aurait plus de voyages, plus de trains manqués, plus de nuits, donc beaucoup moins de danger d'attrapper des refroidissements, enfin, la mise en pratique de ma découverte offre des avantages sérieux. Si jamais un ingénieur américain a une idée en lisant ces lignes, je lui serais très obligé de m' écrire afin que nous puissions causer ensemble d'une mise au point possible. Bien entendu, les habitants des cercles bénéficieraient de "l'anationalité."

Il y a des gens qui sont amoureux de la nature, ils regardent les animaux avec adoration, les plantes avec exaltation, ils éprouvent des sensations voluptueuses en voyant le coucher ou le lever le soleil; ces gens sont en général très aimés par les êtres simples, moi, je n'aurais vraiment qu'un désir celui d'attirer les fous, c'est un peu ce qu'a fait Napoléon!

Ah, ah, ah, ah, figurez vous un être suivi par tous les fous du monde, par toutes celles qui se croient la S^{te} Vierge, ou Jeanne d'Arc, par ceux qui se croient Néron, Charlemagne, Guillaume II, Edouard VII . . . ou moi! Par ceux qui se croient des chevaux, des lions ou des tigres, des monstres ou des oiseaux-mouches! Ne croyez vous pas que ces êtres, eux aussi, sont près de la nature? Ils ne participent pas aux joies de la famille et manquent souvent de cette curiosité qui est impitoyable!

Il y a des êtres qui ne lisent rien, qui ne pensent à rien, qui ne font absolument rien, mais qui soignent méticuleusement leur rhum de cerveau quand ils en ont! Ils vont parfois au cimetière porter quelques fleurs à des êtres qu'ils ont connus et qui pour-

rissent consciencieusement; leurs fleurs pourriront, eux-mêmes pourriront, vous voyez bien qu'il n'y a pas lieu de se préoccuper; la Nature se charge de tout; il n'y a qu'à la laisser faire, elle fait bien ce qu'elle fait. Les idées pourrissent comme les fleurs et les gens et il y a des gens qui veulent momifier les idées comme les Egyptiens momifiaient les cadavres.

Je suis pour l'incinération qui conserve sous le format le moins encombrant, idées et individus.

Cher amis de tous les pays du monde, renouvelez et bousculez, brûlez et noyez, assassinez, volez, tout et tous . . . excepté moi.

FRANCIS PICABIA

PSYCHO-DEMOCRACY

a movement to focus human reason

on

THE CONSCIOUS DIRECTION OF EVOLUTION

to replace the cataclysmic factor in social evolution WAR. An absolute, constructive and liberating ideal put to the will of mankind for acceptance or rejection.

Psycho democracy is

Democracy of The Spirit, government by creative imagination, participation in essential wisdom—Fraternity of Intuition, the Intellect and Mother wit. (The Creator, the scholar, the natural man).

A psychological gauge applied to all social problems, for the interpretation of political, religious and financial systems.

Democratic interchange and valuation of *ideas*.

The Substitution of consciously directed evolution for revolution, *Creative inspiration for Force*, Laughter for Lethargy, Sociability for Sociology, Human psychology for Tradition.

The Psycho-Democratic Policy is
Habeas Animum.

"To illuminate the earth with her peoples eyes."

The organization of Psycho-Democracy is based on the laws of psychic evolution, our principles spring from Intuition, and are presented to man's intellect for maturation.

We make the experiment of a "collectivity" moved by the same intellectual logic as are the tactics of the successful individual reckoning with "actual" values and following the rules of the game of life, influencing our era by right of the merits of our (collective) personality.

Most movements have a fixed concept towards which they advance, we move away from all fixed concepts in order to advance.

The Psycho-democrat is

Man, Woman or Child of good sense and with imagination, having a normal love of Life and a sympathetic indifference to their neighbours obligations.

The *living* successor of that travesty of man; the *Dummy Public* originated by the Press, financed by the Capitalist:

For whom the politician legislates,
The army fights,
The church collects.

THE IDEA-FABRIC OF HUMAN SOCIETY. Modern social existence is a form of psychic activity based on *Ideas* promoted by the self-conscious minority of *Power*.

Every phase in evolution has been marked by the different kinds of ideas for which men tortured one another.

Society today is composed of distinctly different human strata; heirs of the different ideas for which men tortured one another.

The Tediousness of Human Evolution is owing:

To the tendency of ideas to outlast their origin, i. e. the tendency of human institutions to outlast the psychological conditions from which they arose.

Psycho-Democracy considers social institutions as structural forms in collective consciousness which are subject to the same evolutionary transformation as is collective consciousness itself, and that our social institutions of today will cause future generations to roar with laughter.

Criminal Lunacy

In the very near future the fact that it is considered either normal or necessary for millions of men and women to wear out their organisms with no reward but the maintenance of those organisms, imperfectly functioning, and that this social condition should be safeguarded and preserved by the blowing up of other millions of human organisms will appear as the nightmare of a criminal lunatic.

Cosmic Neurosis

The destructive element in collective consciousness induced by inhibitive social and religious precepts that ordain that man must suffer and cause to suffer and deny the validity of Man's fundamental desires, has resulted in Cosmic Neurosis, whose major symptom is Fear.

This fear takes the form of international suspicion and the resulting national protective-phobias.

Our enlightened psychological principles will put an end to Cosmic Neurosis.

Psychic Evolution

This thing called *Life* which seems to be the impact of luminous bodies, knocking sparks off one another in chaos, will be transformed through Psycho-Democratic evolution from a war between good and evil, i. e. (between beneficent and painful chance) to a competition between different kinds of good: (beneficent spontaneities),









The Paradox of the Dominator and the Dominated.

"Class" is a psychological condition.

The one class distinction is between the dominator and the dominated.

Every social upheaval has been the evolutionary phenomenon of the recruiting of new material to the dominating class. A class victory is never the promotion of one class to the status of another class, but the shifting of certain elements in the victorious class to the psychological condition of the dominating class.

The dominating class is a psychological nucleus progressively absorbing all similar elements into itself. It is therefore our important task to elucidate the psychology of the Dominator, for the dominated, as the Basis of intrinsic democracy.

Power is a secret society of the minority, whose hold on the majority lies in the esoteric or actual value of social ideas.

This esoteric value is unrevealed to the majority, being:—

1) The transmutability of the *strategical ideas* of the minority into *social ideals* for the majority.

2) The value of *social ideals* as a means of conserving the majority as a plastic psychic material with which *Power* moulds the contours of its own supremacy.

3) The value of the exoteric or public representation of social ideals as limiting the unit for the advantage of a collectivity, while in reality insuring the advantage of the minority with the consent of the majority.

The ensuing confusion in the public mind between its innate logic and the social ideals dictated by the Dominator, provides the *Paradox of the Dominator and the Dominated*; for it is at once the vantage ground for the Dominator's tactics and the blind force which at recurrent intervals confounds the self-conscious minority of *Power*.

Psycho-Democratic Aesthetic

The æsthetic contour of a race is formed by its habits.

Man's evolution through his circumstances has resulted in his point of view.

His point of view forms his habits.

The Dominator's standard has been the most highly evolved human habit. Therefore class evolution must democratize the Dominator's standard, which hitherto evolved by circumstances, will in future spring directly into "habit" out of a "point of view."

The Aim of Society is the Perfection of Self

Man's desire is for Self.

His desire is commensurate with possibility.

The earth offers super-abundance for All.

Human imagination is illimitable.

Psycho-Democracy advocates the fulfilment of all Desire.

"Self" is the covered entrance to Infinity.

Militarism

Militarism forms the nucleus of national *Influential symbolism*; the flag, the uniform; inspires the *Rhythm of national popular enthusiasm*: the march, the band, parade. Sustains the *belligerent masculine* social ideal. Like all concentrated human forces it is *psychically magnetic*.

It has created certain formulæ figuring largely in our social pleasures, which no other social institution affords; the inevitable "snobbery" thus involved insures its protracted success.

Pacifism

The sole opposition to this imposing and efficiently organized social foundation is the pacifist *Dont*.

Pacifism has not yet offered a creative substitute for the military ideal, but a negative conception which leaves a void in social psychological construction, without providing any adequate suggestions as to how this void should be filled.

The Appeal of psycho-Democracy for the conscious direction of evolution, is an appeal to the thinker, the scientist, the philosopher, the writer, the artist, the mechanic, the worker, to join intelligent forces in a concerted effort to evolve and establish *a new social symbolism, a new social rhythm, a new social snobism* with a human psychological significance of equal value to that of militarism.

To consider that the belligerent tendency in human nature which is at present abnormally fostered by social institutions and education, can be superseded by another of the different tendencies in human nature, if developed through transformed social institutions and revised education.

To vindicate Humanity's claim to a Divine Destiny. Not to endeavor to eliminate the indestructable forces in human nature but to establish a new social system for their utilization. To present intellectual heroism as a popular ideal in place of physical heroism encouraging the expression of individual psychology in place of mob-psychology. To believe that man has the conceptual power to create a substitute for war, having the same stimulus to action as the hazard of death, the same spur to renascent as devastation, and that his mentality will evolve new forms of expressive action to inspire him to such ebullitions of enthusiasm as does the call to arms.

In *Psycho-Democracy* shall arise men and women whose strength and originality of conception will concrete a vital ideal as the basis of International politics. This ideal which is in a nebulous state, once defined will be easier to impose on humanity than the hypnotic war lust.

For it is but logical to suppose that if the slight amount of magnetism in the make up of the world's leaders of today, is sufficient to rush great peoples on to death and agony, it will be a simple task to persuade great peoples to the effort of self realization in a life amplifying ideal; and to apply the force of reason to the solution of their life problems, which have been so acutely aggravated by the force of explosives.

And to dissuade Man from any longer considering his destiny as being extraneous to his logic.

MINA LOY.

Buenos Aires, 1918.

FOUR POEMS

FRANCISQUE FAIT LA CULBUTE

L'auteur assiste au der-
nier quadrille du bal
Tabarin.

Bruit mouillé des jarretelles;
le pantalon de dentelle, écume de la chute.
Sous son décolleté, six ventouses scarifiées,
rhume passionné.

Les réflecteurs et les boissons sont glacés,
les couples ne sont unis que par les serpentins.
Au lavabo, un Anglais qui a voulu penser,
vomit.

On entend mourir de phtisie des musiques
nègres de haute époque.

Il rentre chez lui
en évoquant sa
jeunesse.

Blasphèmes en descendant la rue Pigalle.
Adieu les temps heureux où l'on s'offrait des
larmes

dans des maisons à deux issues;
doux oiseaux pris dans les lits-cages.
Par quelles faveurs tenaient ensemble nos soli-
tudes?

Qui saura le total de nos échanges?

Il compare le
temps passé au
temps présent.

La lune, objet d'art ancien.
Mon ombre sort de mes bottines
et s'étend près de moi, épuisée, pauvre chien.
Les vierges ne peuvent plus attendre,
il y en a deux millions au moins.

On se possède tout de suite par les yeux avec
animosité
et par les mains avec immunité tendre.

*Ce ne sont certes pas les équivoques qui nous
étouffent;
à la fois criminels et acquittés,
nous n'avons plus le temps d'achever
rien,
ni personne.*

Ah! ne poussez donc pas comme ça!

SPECTACLE EFFRAYANT

Audessus de Grenelle,
la lune poursuit ses opérations à terme.
Des fumées de noir animal dorment repliées
comme des nuages chinois.
Les chômeurs marchent en balançant leurs
mains;
les oiseaux montent droit, ou des pierres lancées.
Les Etats tirent des chèques sans provision,
mais les Etats ne connaissent pas la prison.
Chez Harry Pilcer,
sous le carbone et ses dagues,
un rossignol à eau chante parmi les algues du saxophone
et l'on comprend alors que les richesses mobilières
sont éminemment fongibles.
Dans le Palmarium ou sur le chaussée il y a dans les
yeux de tous:
ARGENT DE SUITE.

*A Moscou,
l'homme aux pommettes a supprimé le commerce et
l'industrie
et gouverne avec un chat sur les genoux.*

ESPRIT D'ENTERPRISE

Les affaires ont été de mal en pis
en cet automne lourd où les soies ont fléchi
depuis Canton jusqu'à la rue de Paradis.
Les transports en commun et les sucres sont
calmes

jusqu'à l'épuisement.

Nous n'avions cessé de donner l'alarme
et de dire qu'il n'y a qu'une richesse au monde monna-
yable

et c'est l'heure-travail.

Les bois de Ville d'Avray

splendide centre d'excursions,

sont pleins de violettes et de banquiers maladroits,
au nez droit,

qui, par les narines, rendent leur pauvre cervelle gonflée
de bénéfices.

Les camions passent avec des chaines détendues
roulant leurs pneus enduits de kilomètres.

Le pardessus est lourd aux épaules comme une voiture
à bras.

Autour des fondés de pouvoir pendus aux branches par
leur commanderie,

tickets sur la pelouse déserte après le Grand Prix,

des actions non-cotées sont répandues,

mêlées aux feuilles mortes, autre filigrane,

et aux serpentins déteints des cross-country
de l'hiver fini.

PAUL MORAND

	CARTE POSTALE EXPRESS à Irène Lagut	
<i>je vais excessivement bien</i> <i>je suis à l'agonie</i> <i>j'ai bien</i> } <i>dormi</i> <i>j'ai mal</i> } <i>c'est joli ici</i> <i>grand confort</i> <i>ce n'est pas habitable</i> <i>j'aimerais vous avoir un peu</i> <i>beau temps</i> <i>il peut à torrents</i> <i>pas de lettres de vous</i> <i>tendresses</i> <i>n'envoyez plus de confitures</i> <i>essayé de vous téléphoner</i> <i>pas pu avoir la communication</i> <i>j'ai rencontré</i> <i>les</i> <i>j'ai évité</i> <i>tout le</i> } <i>du talent</i> <i>monde me</i> } <i>de la bonne volonté</i> <i>trouve</i> } <i>de l'application</i> <i>je n'ai plus de chemise</i>	<i>cuisine excellente</i> <i>cuisine immangeable</i> <i>envoyez lettre chargée</i> <i>voici mille baisers</i> <i>je pense à vous</i> <i>souriez moi</i> <i>je m'amuse</i> <i>je resterai encore</i> <i>jours</i> <i>je resterai un peu plus longtemps</i> <i>ne m'oubliez pas</i> <i>rappelez moi à</i> <i>embrassez les enfants</i> <i>connaissez vous un remède contre</i> <i>le bégaiement?</i> <i>j'ai rêvé de vous cette nuit</i> <i>je n'ai pas rêvé de vous cette nuit</i> <i>venez d'urgence</i> <i>inutile de vous déranger</i> <i>(Mettre une croix devant les phrases requises; pour la date voyez timbre de la poste)</i> PAUL MORAND	

DAVID WASSERMANN

*Ita fornicatur anima.
St. Augustine.*

I

“**Y**OU have it all,” Wright had said. “To begin with, you are a neurasthenic, or at least, you have just recovered from neurasthenia. You are a Jew. You have the memory of sex, although at present you are continent; also, you are in love. And the twenties is naturally a restless period anyhow.” Was Wright being decent for once? Did he mean that just as he had said it? The bastard!

Cynthia must be watching how his hands trembled. That was the neurasthenia. Or she should think so. And damn it, it *was* so, anyhow. If Mendelssohn ran up the scale to *si*, and then was called to dinner, and got up in the middle of his soup to strike *do*, it wasn't that he absolutely *had* to. He wanted to, simply, and did it. Yet it wasn't an affectation, because he sincerely and without forethought *wanted* to. In the case of the hands, then, if the neurasthenia was there, why clamp it in a vise? Let them tremble, and perhaps even encourage them a little.

Hell with such considerations!

Why not cut clean of all that and plunge right straight on? Just rip and tear, like kicking through a newspaper on the sidewalk.

“I love you, Cynthia. Yes, I love you, even though you *are* a Yiddish vampire.” Cynthia smiled meekly, and continued existing there, two feet in front of him. “I love you,”—and she existed; “I hate you,”—and Cynthia *still* existed. At times when he left her, he knew all the time that over in Brooklyn, Cynthia was existing inexorably, saying something to one of her sisters, perhaps, or buying bananas, or sitting * * * “*You have the memory of sex.*” At times he had tried to bludgeon her with that, too, and was answered as usual with the quiet fact of her existence.

“The war. I'll get you yet. Gaping on a battle-field in France. Can't you see me there, my face all twisted like a piece of an old tree-trunk, a gun tossed somewhere, and my guts oozing out; can't

* Deleted.

you see me?" Cynthia, with nothing else to say, admitted that yes, she could see him. Monstrous!

With a snarl; "You, my dear, ought to live in some Arcadian province where women are disposed of more summarily. Biceps,—that's the way to court *you*. Like this." He stepped against her, threw his arms around, and pressed her backwards with his chin.

* * * and began heaving her to the couch. His knuckles scraped against a chair. The divan reached, he dropped her on it. "Stop it, David!" She laughed, and pushed away one compromising hand of his. Wassermann panted, felt ridiculous. "Straight business, with annoying difficulties and injuries," he thought in the style of Wright as he paid attention to the smarting knuckles. She rearranged herself, with no thought of a recovering hen; the things that slipped by her!

"She smells like a horse." He added aloud, "Perhaps I should have brought Wright with me?" . . . "She *stinks* like a horse. How is it possible to love such a woman. For I can't lie out of it, she *stinks*. But I *want* her to stink. It is *my* way of having my guts ooze out. That ought to cure me of her, but it doesn't. But this for consolation: my urge is at least proved to be straight lust." Cynthia had answered something about Wright; he would not ask her what it was.

"I suppose I shouldn't resent these failures," he began argumentatively. "We are still walking in our origins. It continues to be a matter of Apollo and Daphne, where if women can't turn into laurel trees any longer, they turn into logs. But then, you must not forget you are always open to the charge of being undersexed, which is scandalous." Both laughed. "Still as I say, you are only acting within the nature of things if you resist. Be as fair yourself, then, and admit that I, too, am acting within the nature of things when I *persist*." But what an ass to justify her. He should deplore her without end. Never to weaken on the thing. To *know* that she must give in. And never begin defending himself; it should go without saying that his position was fitting.

He pointed upstairs. "Listen: it's sisters, and mothers, and fathers. Great God, what chance do *I* have! Even if you were insane to give yourself, those noises would keep you pure. How

could a man *ever* seduce such a woman; with so many thunderous generalities to combat? As I just said, you are protected phylogenetically; with those noises upstairs you are protected socially; and worst of all, you are protected by these damned cerebrizings of mine. Oh tender Gibraltar!" . . . Cynthia was listening intently. "But that's all the wrong tack, Cynthia. Let's *faire table rase*. Why not begin all over again? I am glad to know you; weather and so forth; yes, I know Harry; Ibsen *is* a bit demoded; do you really think so? Come on, Cynthia, let's sing a duet; if we can't agree on love, at least we both believe that Shaw is right about the war, Shaw with his rare common-sense."

"On the whole we think reasonably alike, David."

"Yes, we *think* very much alike. Our minds are in perfect copulation. But *corporeally*. Damn it, I have more important things in this world to do than niggle around with sex. But so long as you hold me up on this one score, I am worthless. I am kept in an endless state of dispersion. I'm just a *waldschrat*, one always-swollen ———. . ." The people upstairs! He saw it in Cynthia's eyes, and subsided, the harsh word unfinished.

Five hours of this! He left her, kissing her at the door. Within ten minutes Cynthia was undressed, and had walked to the bathroom in her nightgown. Wassermann caught the subway to Times Square as Cynthia was brushing her teeth.

* * * *

Wright to Wassermann: "The fact is that you simply *must* stick to this much-ado. If you drop it, you have nothing left. The . . ."

"I refuse to swallow any more of that, do you understand? First Cynthia, and then you; it's too much for an evening, just a l-i-t-t-l-e too much. You and your composure, bosh! You say I am histrionic. But it never occurred to you that your immovable front is another symptom of the same disease. If I am a stagey neurasthenic, then you are a stagey Stoic."

"Wait a minute. I am not fighting with you, I am *diagnosing* you. Cynthia hears that sort of thing as long as you are with her; can't you listen to one sentence of it?"

"It isn't the diagnosis I object to, it's the flatness of it. You say I have nothing but my agitation, my noise in other words. What am I to answer? You simply kill all chance of discussion with a sentence like that. What are its merits? Is it astonishing? Is it clever? Is it subtle? It just stands out there like a big face fat with a bad liver. If you want to *penetrate* me, I am willing to listen. I am *anxious* to listen, in fact. But if you're going to fling hunks of statement at me like mudpies, I want to make it clear that I am not interested."

"Go on."

"I have said what I had to say."

"No!"

Wassermann snorted. "You're getting weak, Wright, if that's the best come-back you have. Or I've gone the length of you, and am leaving you behind. You must have been frantic for a last word if you could grab at such a shabby little straw as that." Wright said nothing. "Quite in character, you say nothing. That is expected to wither me, to dry me up and blow me away. But this time, it doesn't." Wright smiled encouragingly, said nothing. "I'll give you credit, that works. It gets on a man's nerves, especially a man like me. It would be highly admirable, if it weren't so easy to apply. Another trouble with it is that it is inclined to become too pat. It fits roughly in too many cases to be nicely adapted to any of them. And in time it blunts a man, since it gets him into making a broad division of his sensations: this thing I recognize, this thing I am silent about. With the final result that you become inarticulate. You forget how to carve neat slices off a big steaming idea. You become no better than an amoeba, approaching what is pleasant, and retreating from what is unpleasant, without intelligent observation."

"There is a lot to what you say, Wassermann. But I must be going now, if you'll let me leave without calling it a last bit of blunt technique. The fact is that I *do* have to go. We'll see each other tomorrow night."

A dirty way to defeat a man. Wright's going left him bound. The bile must drip back into his stomach, and stay there poisoning him until tomorrow night. They were monsters, both of them, with Cynthia a little worse because she was a woman, and loved. They

were two suns for him to race around; they stood still, and let him break his neck. But the devil; what a superb martyrdom anyhow. If he saw things, and simply *had* to say them, it was worth seeing and saying them at any cost. Not so bad to be a victim of too much clarity. He was a fly-eye.

"Waiter . . . waiter." The waiter came on the run. "I ordered *black* coffee."

II

"Everything in the world's one more little devil's tongue for me to bleed on. If it's a chair, I'll stove my shins on it in the dark; if it's a razor, the relation between us is an immediate possibility of my hurling it out the window; if it's a person, it'll say 'How are you,' and I'll nearly pass out apoplectic with pounding sentences. Don't you ever get that? An egocentric attitude of life, with nothing but you and God, and God making the world to plague you? No, of course not. Roman therms, resignation, either no God or a *laissez-faire* policy on the part of God; ah, how Walter Pater, how Patean marble, how off in the mountains to meditate. But I know there is a *God*, with a swagger, and an ugly leer, and a quid of tobacco in his cheek. However, my friend, damn you. You are driving me into this. I was unusually conciliatory this evening. Even a bit reminiscent, in fact." Wassermann stopped; Wright stretched and yawned with a miniature embarrassment.

"And then to this: *D'ordinaire, insinuante et impérieuse, elle violait doucement, intéressée par les capitulations successives, jouissant des retraits et des sursauts de la pudeur des mâles qui n'est vaincue qu'au moment où elle devient inflexible. Son jeu était serré, sûr et astucieux; délicieux insecte d'aventure, serrant autour de sa proie les spirales de son vole, elle chantait comme une abeille; puis, soudain l'abeille se taisait, buvait, les ailes calmes, la vie de la fleur humaine. Mais aujourd'hui, peureuse, elle se laissait dévêtir avec la patience d'une orpheline; sans autre désir que d'être agréable aux mains de son ami.*' What a velvet touch! He caressed those sentences as he would have caressed Mauve herself. For God's sake, man, give over that truck and read literature. Have you ever seen 'Le Miracle des roses?' No, you haven't. Then why talk about French literature to me?"

"By that time we were all pretty well soused."

"And then to this: *'Où pouvaient, songea-t-il, se recruter de telles vocations? Quelle corne, sonnait dans la nuit, sonnait assez haut, pour assembler un troupeau d'aussi lamentables femmes? Donner toute sa vie à la mort, n'avoir d'autre souci que la toilette des cadavres, la veillée solitaire près des corps rigides et des faces froides où l'ombre du nez marque une heure immuable sur la putréfaction de la joue!'* All the bigger Frenchmen have places now and then that run like rivers."

"You know that little hotel, too? The west rooms give you all you want of the Hudson in the morning. And no questions asked."

"Oh, no, I take it back, Wright. You get up in front of me like a big stupid face to be punched, and I am always just a little too off my balance to punch it. Someday I'm going to look at you, and promptly break into little pieces. You and . . ." . . . "And now it's Up-Swallow, Fifty Cents Gone. You couldn't get rid of money faster throwing it down the . . ." . . . "Cynthia are two marvelous forces to have drawn up in either direction of a man. It's as though I were in a big gloomy hallway, with an Italian carved grandfather's-clock on one side of me, and a family portrait on the other. Dull gold face and dull gold frame,—it's worse than if my two shoulders were sinister, had worms in them, and I could see them out of the corner of my eyes. You're like two big boats, dull black in a dull gray harbor. You're problems, like all static things.

"I had more promise during adolescence, right hand and all. Then these damned problems of human relations hadn't pulped me. I was a shrieking, battling *I*. At night I used to wander through the cemetery, and if I didn't get scared, I'd scare myself. I'd throw my arms around a tombstone, and listen, and then start to blab and blub as though I was mad, until finally I would be half-mad. And then I'd walk slowly away, with my back to all that darkness and pale white, and when I got out of there I would be sick. Once I vomited on the sexton. *Then* I was . . ."—" . . . I wanted to kiss Minney and light my cigarette, and instead I put the cigarette in her mouth and nearly kissed the match. Did you hear that? I wanted . . ."

"But that's all different now. A man is worth something when there are women in general, not specific women. While there's a world of women, there's possibility; but what can I do? Flap and

flutter and squawk myself over the hedge. Go on stirring the brew to keep it from sticking. Rattle at my brain with words until I've numbed it. Thank God, there's always some satisfaction in a precise diagnosis. So long as I can chart my defections, I at least have the intellectuality of the chart to encourage me. And when I die, I'll know exactly how I'm dead. Hamletism is a remedy worth talking of. Especially Hamletism on the proscenium. For the hamletically inclined, there is always pause enough between the wound and decease to drop a cosmogony and a couple of attitudes on life. And how conciliatory it may be to pass away with a properly modernized *adsum*.

"Oh hell, oh hell. Out of this kitchen-pot of fairies, and kikes, and lounge lizards, and Spearmint stenographers, and fat old breeding machines on the East Side, out of these five million pancreas and livers, why do I have to moon over Cynthia! Why can't I get back into the swirl of things, and embrace the city in general? If I could plunge forward into some dawn or other. Or if the city could occur to me like a sudden revelation, with me shrieking, 'Fish! Fish! Jesus, Christ, God, Son, Saviour!'

"If religion is the sublimation of sex, where's *my* breviary? I'm nearly bursting with sex, and yet I just have enough religion to be mildly blasphemous. Why don't people shout at me when I walk along the street; why don't they lock their doors, and pile furniture against them, and watch me from their second-story windows; for I'm one unceasing swollen possibility of rape. I'm satyriasis stalking nymphomania. And yet if an auto were to run against me accidentally, I could call a policeman and have the driver arrested.

"But I have been too honest with myself. A man's a suicide if he insists on clarity. Beyond knowing what's right and what's left, and what's up and down, clarity becomes a grave nuisance. Intelligence is a parasitic growth, and saps the body like a cancer. It endangers the silver medium. The brain was once a mere implement of the body, functioning solely to add to the body's welfare, like the kidneys. But now it is threatening to usurp an entity of its own. It demands certain foods and amusements which can be indulged in only at great inconvenience and often with danger. *Comme on pisse les chiens*, one must walk one's brain. And it is still so young, that one's attentions to it are frequently of a disgusting nature. And so, I have

stuffed my brain with rich, oozy clarity, with the consequence that I can see every pore in every pore in every nose, and catch the smell of every armpit. And when you see that way, you have two choices: you can be either a dervish or a pig. If you're a dervish, you shrink from it all, and drown yourself in denials and negations, and spend sinister years trying to rub the filth out of your carcass. But if on the other hand you see it all, and *refuse* to deny, and are determined even to *glorify* and *wallow in*, then, friend, you are a pig. That is what clarity does for you. A sweet little virgin who grows up in neatness, goes to school, is courted tenderly, and finally married; there is modesty, refinement, loveliness for you—and intellectual muddiness, and passionate stupidity enough to drive you wild. These women are perfectly functioning units, developing logically and infallibly towards the grand culmination, marriage. Thus we see how orderly and social things are without clarity. But *with* clarity, you must be either a recluse starving on God, or a cur with his nose under a tail."

Wright's eyes edged toward the centre of the room. Gutzkow, like a monster shadow, was holding a jug. Beside him was a university student with a small mustache, a watch in his hand. "Get ready—get set—Go!" The but of the jug was raised a little higher, while Gutzkow's lips wrapped themselves surely over the mouth. The liquid began seeking its level. Gutzkow took it amply. It was all like a fire-hose spurting into a sewer.

"Fifteen—twenty—twenty-two seconds. You take the money." Gutzkow had won.

III

"Great God, man, I am escaping from sex. I suppose if you picked pins off the floor fast enough you could get out of an *idée fixe*. I'm trying to forget my captivity with battling around the cage. *Cynthia!* Christ, what a Muse! Between—its a nasty bell to have ringing in your head. Booze, dope, sweating, socialism—they're the only four escapes, and I've tried them all. Dope is the poorest; I can't go that way. I can thump and pound until I burst, but I can't fade away. And booze is only an accompaniment. It's just a steady bass to an agitated treble. Sweating is at best Tolstoyan. It's a grand theory that dies with a whine, like a pig-balloon. And at

worst Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Weary brawn at sunset—a tender department store master. Toiler with his pipe; open fireplace; wife and cradle; work basket on lap; sunset visible through window. And as for socialism, it's either bums or double-lens spectacles.

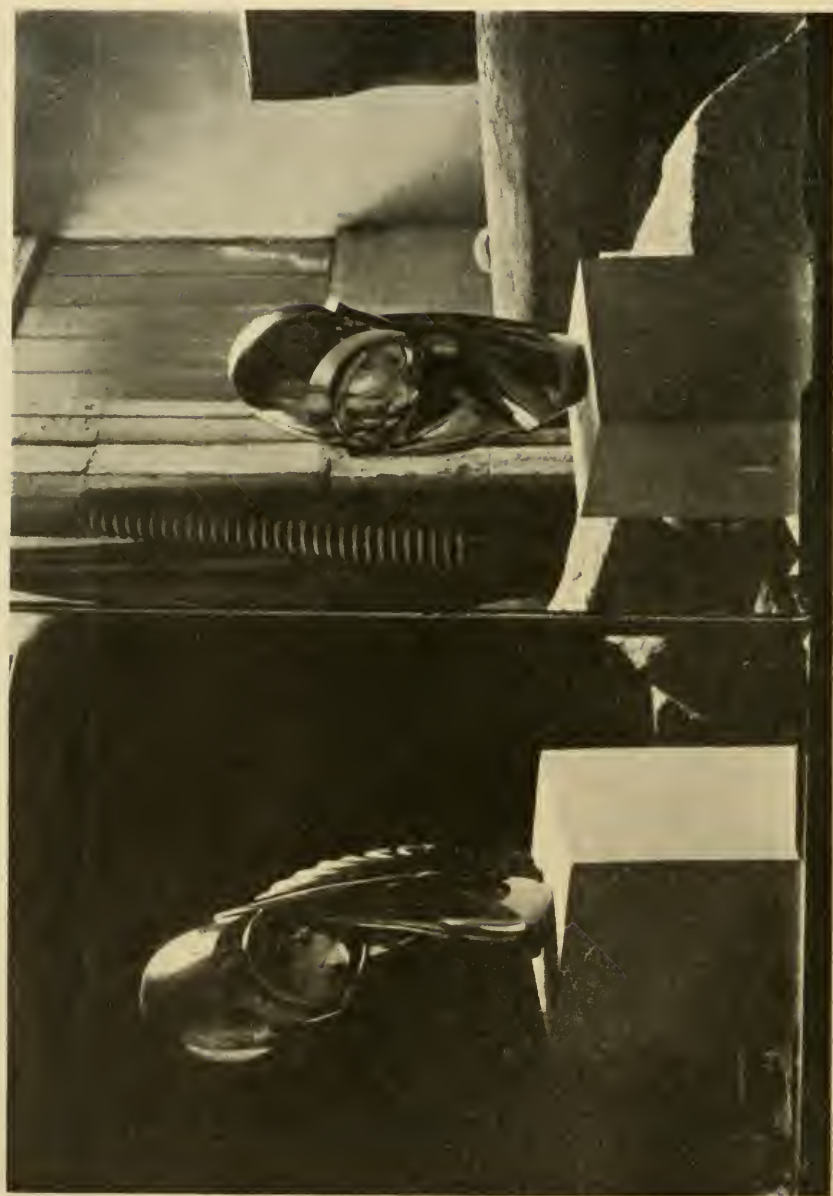
"I joined the 'Red Flag.' Recommended as trustworthy by a dear and intimate friend. The great night finally approached. We assembled in a ratskeller. 'Would you kindly leave the room, while the matter of new members is being discussed?' 'Certainly, certainly.' I went up to the bar and had a beer. Another beer, and I was summoned before the committee. 'Mr. Wassermann, before you pledge your word, you must understand that this is a grave matter. We are part of an organization forming over the entire country to resist the forces of reaction. We are an underground organization. The cause is greater than our life. The pledge binds you to be subject at any time to perform anything which is found necessary.' 'Mr. Chairman, I am not prepared to go blindly to such an extent. I am anxious to ally myself with the principles your organization stands for. But I cannot forswear the freedom of disposing of myself as I may see fit at any time. And to me my life is more important than the life of a community however great and oppressed.' 'Mr. Wassermann, you are a serious-minded man. You are no doubt earnest in your radical sympathies. But I fear you are not ripe for the cause we represent.' I am rejected, but my dear and intimate friend, who is one of the chosen, enjoys to this day the privileges of this dark organization. Once a month they give a dance, he tells me, and with the yearly dues of five dollars they are able to keep up a pleasant little clubroom, with translations of Russian novels, and three volumes of Schnitzler in the original. Also, I believe, there is a book by Karl Marx. . . . I was too mild.

"And again I am thrown back on Cynthia. . . . Scotch? Beer here. A Scotch and a beer, professor. . . . Why can't a man have a real opportunity? Or an arrangement whereby we can be of some use—consumptives, decrepits, and poor devils like me. I want to found a headquarters where all people can come who are going to die. Take a suicide, for instance. He comes into the office, with reliable credentials that he is a paranoiac; he has decided to kill himself. I look through the card index system; and find that so-and-so has been responsible for another half-cent rise in the price of sugar. My suicide









receives a full description of this gentleman, his habits, where he lives. Then goes out and murders him, explains publicly that it was owing to the half-cent increase in sugar, and kills himself. Or a consumptive could have done it, and spit his lungs out the following week in prison.

"But it's coming, men." Wassermann ignored Wright, and addressed the people at the next table. "The greatest hope of revolution in America came with the passing of prohibition. The American still has the instinct of the Boston Tea Party in him; he must have something trivial to revolutionize about. You can starve him, rob him, drive him among the cogs of a machine, or explode him, and he'll merely grumble. But step on his corn, or call him a bastard, or kick his dog, and by God, he'll murder you. . . . But I am afraid the ruling classes know this as well as I do. They won't force the issue too strongly, and as a result of this yielding, social unrest will disappear behind the aegis of mean prosperity, the ability to earn a good enough living, to marry and provide your wife with an effective douche. The Bismarcks and Von Moltkes of America will be more successful than their prototypes, because they possess enough English blood and English diplomacy to add hypocrisy to the rest of their dirty equipment. And the idealism of America is always low enough to enable the purchase of their chosen leaders. So we can expect every Sam Gompers of the future to appear in the best of society; we shall hear talk of great prosperity; of America's colossal commerce overtopping that of Great Britain; of America's stupendous merchant marine; of American banks in every third-rate city in the world. Everything will be 100 per cent American, made in America, *Amerika über alles*. Competent experts will be dispatched at the government's expense to study foreign markets, and the ways of eliminating foreign competition. Do you see what I am doing? I am prophesying the rise of another Prussia." With the word *rise*, Wassermann rose himself, and swung his right arm at the crowd that had gathered around his table. "I am depicting our development for the next thirty or forty years, when all of a sudden we shall awake to the fact that the armed forces of three-fourths of the globe are steaming toward our ports, to conquer another and a greater Prussia in another ghastly 'last war.' Perhaps I am ill-disposed tonight, ladies and gentlemen, but that is what I see tonight for this great stronghold of free speech,

constitutional rights, and making the prisons safe and so forth." Someone began to cheer, and the others took it up at once. "Shut up, you swine," Wassermann bit at them, and they shut up, causing a dead quiet. Outside, an elevated train rumbled past. Wassermann recommenced in a low voice. His peroration.

"Debs, we don't want you. Our constitutional liberties came too easily to us for us to defend them. Regardless of a country's constitution, it gets the sort of government it deserves; and we evidently deserve a government of hypocrisy, low-mindedness, under the species of eternity, the dollar. We don't want our constitution, Debs, we want salved nonsense, and sleek respectables, and greasy ward-bosses. And if you try to restore to us something we don't want, into prison you go, judged by twelve of our own good and true. To the dungeon with you, Debs, and if you attempt to do anything for us again, we'll lynch you, in accordance with another of our highly democratic customs. Do you hear? Like the friends of good government and humanity we are, we'll squeeze your neck till your eyes bulge and your tongue hangs out, and then we'll let you dangle there as food for the crows and approving editorials in the 'Times.' " He picked up his glass of beer, put it quickly to his lips, and took it at a gulp. Then with a sudden snarl, he flung the empty tumbler against the ceiling, where it smashed into bits, and fell on the heads of the listeners. He turned about viciously, and burst through the swinging doors, Out Into The Night.

* * *

"Why, Cynthia, must you insist on walking on these noisy streets? I want to break down tonight, and cry, and have my tears kissed, and all that. Cynthia, I am terribly miserable."

"What did you say, David? The cars, you know. It is hard to understand you when you speak so low."

"My God, my God. Everything is monsters! That damned fool speech in the saloon was a monster. My life since leaving you has been one monster after another. This situation tonight is a monster. Monsters, MONSTERS,—did you hear that?"

"Yes, David."

"I quarreled with my father today. He wanted me to learn that

dirty Jew business of his. Why must all Jews be either pawnbrokers or in the clothing business! I left the house. . . . That was another monster. And I went into a public

The wretch who did that had a direct mind; Rops was never madder; Cynthia, I love you!"

They were already on the Manhattan Bridge. Cynthia said nothing. "*J'eusse aimé vivre auprès d'une jeune géante.*" Thank God, Baudelaire understood. I wonder if they know what they are doing, these mild college professors who put that sonnet in their anthologies." Cynthia said nothing. The lights along the shore revealed dim shapes. The thick girders of the bridge itself were dim and far above their heads. "I could take you now, and hurl you away down there into that black water. Couldn't I?" He cackled. "Eh, couldn't I?" Cynthia shuddered as she felt his arms on her hips. "Oh Christ, oh Christ!" he moaned. "I give it up. Cynthia, will you marry me!" Cynthia's heart gave a bound, but she still thought it advisable to say nothing. They stopped, and looked down vaguely into the water. Wassermann brooded wearily on the realization that he had proposed marriage, and was no doubt accepted.

IV

The candle was nearly out. (Cynthia had insisted on candles). She seemed to take it all so comfortably, this little snatch of platitudinous romance. The candle gone, leaving the room heavy with irregular darknesses; the fire in the grate a mere sullen glow; the cold drawing its circle closer and closer about them, and forcing them nearer to each other; his head resting on her knees. Wright wondered if she accepted all this without question; and he suspected that she was perfectly at home.

"Our last night together, Cynthia."

"And our first!" There was the hint of a sigh. Wright winced. My God, how women loved this sort of thing! Men *have* to hate other men, considering what must be said to women. Would she mention Wassermann? But he must quit gauging her; he must dip into this thing with heart. What nasty complications arose . . . his virginity, and her own. Did she know he was watching her? Do

women suspect the *calculating* eye of the male? The spider and the fly . . . trite again. Why didn't he rebel? Why couldn't he send her home, even at this late hour, and load his lungs with the cold fresh air of a good book? No, he had but one of two choices: he could pass this by and be as incomplete as ever, or he could keep her here and put up with the tarnish. It was tyrannical, yes, but inevitable, that no matter how far one has gone with reading, life must begin at the beginning. But wasn't this, too, a cheaply romantic judgment. to confuse life with sex? Like that little Jew back in Ohio who used to go down to the whore-district to "see life." But damn all this ergotizing; no wonder so many eager little girls can go so long untouched, if men must spend their time in straying from the highway. . . . But women demand some sort of ceremony; just as their sex is distributed all over their body, so the sex urge is less localized, less immediate. With men, philandering is cowardice; with women it is a completely accepted component in the formula of love. . . . Still, he yearned for a direct statement, and trusted in its efficacy, if he could ever find a fitting one. . . . He took off one of her shoes, and hoped to God that he had done enough. As he must have, since she kissed him a moment later, and went into the alcove, where he could hear her undressing. She had only dropped in for a few minutes; really she couldn't stay; and now here she was undressing in his alcove; he felt weighted down with experience, for he knew that *all* women would be this way.

"Good night, Lambert!"

"Good night, Cynthia. And don't worry about me. The little cot out here will be perfectly comfortable." All part of the ceremony, as they both knew; ten minutes later he was crawling awkwardly into bed with her, after rinsing his mouth with Chartreuse.

She cuddled over against him, and a little song of happiness began singing within him. This thing on his shoulder,—it was lovely, it was *sweet*. Her cold nose was against his ear.

"Listen, little Cynthia; here is a speech on what people remember: People remember different things. Some people remember the names of everybody they went to school with, and some remember when they had chicken pox, and some remember their Latin, and some remember the first time they saw Eiffel tower, but I—I remember the tumult of her breathing in my ear." Thank God, he had delivered

it! He had walked up, and laid down his brick, and walked away. But Cynthia was sleepy. . . . He lay there helplessly, and let her slip away from him; tender, brutal, weary, rebellious—one by one his moods changed color, and all the while Cynthia drifted more impregnably into sleep. He loved the little twitchings of her legs. And last of all, he decided to forgive her, for surely girls do not realize they are so cruel. Cynthia was asleep.

Surely, he must be *thin*, he must be woefully *one-stringed*, to suffer this with such resignation. And poor little Cynthia would unconsciously take advantage of this. Yes, she was safe. Ferociously, then sentimentally, and then wearily he admitted it, she was safe. She would go to Wassermann with all the technical requirements fulfilled.

* * *

“You dog, you can sit there and smirk me on my way into matrimony. I confess, I have failed. It was marriage or nothing, and my nature abhors a vacuum. I’m done for. Wright, this is my epilogue, these words I am saying to you now. Or is my epilogue the ones I say five years from now, when I’m a Jew with a nose and a fat belly?” He approached a sneer. “Do you know, do you realize, man, that I have patched things up with my father, that I am to be his junior partner, and that we are going to enlarge the firm? The Wassermann Clothing Company becomes the Greater New York Clothing Company, a growing organization, you see. Wish me luck, and hope never to see me again.”

BRUXELLES-BERLIN VIA ROTTERDAM

dE bruxelles *qui-a-bu-boira-chicorée-pacha* NE-PAS-CRACHER au nom du roi fouler le territoire de la reine á rotterdam COMMERCE DE DÉLICATESSES aux VARIÉTÉS SCIENCE ET ART le chef d'orchestre patine religieusement la reine grasse de Saba en-joue au piston la belle vache accouche fromage colportent l'amour les Wilhelmines en serviette d'agent de change les moulins à eau brassent du vent les mains du coiffeur suent le sauret fumé tout est en demi-salé et sent les conserves aux *petits-mâîtres* stérilisés les rotter-amsterdammeriennes au vent devant vont et viennent par *La Haye* au lunch-hotel sans décolleté s'engagent à la toilette car tout seulement sous les draps de lit la nuit volets fermés comme savon lait-battu en boîtes et pantalons sans brayette et la lune dévoilée dans son trou au jour s'éclipse à l'équerre l'eau lave les prairies en géométrie nature-morte *rembrandt-clair-obscur* en *accroupi-Berlage* les maisons sans étages coiffées du bonnet des vieilles flottent cul et cale au vol-au-vent les résineux solitaires s'ensablent patiemment rigides et orthodoxes se communiquent à *la toorop* leur bonsoir mystique en méditation prolifique aussi le sable car chiures en couches cosmopolites que la mer a délaissées derrière les dunes GARE FRONTIÈRE déclarer de Harlem l'huile pour rêves lunatiques et autres constipations les valises valent les voyageurs curiosité de linge sale quelle farce fabuleusement absurde que cette vie humaine VOITURE RESTAURANT SOUPE MITROPA universelle est l'hygiène DÉFENSE DE CRACHER se congestionnent à la morale hollandais contre Américain la dame polit en or ses dents minutieusement s'annonce berlin république à la réclame électrique INSTITUT POUR ENTERREMENTS.

CLEMENT PANSAERS

HISTORICAL SURVEY

"The mantle of Mathew Arnold has decended."—S. T.

ABOUT the year 1921 the young gentlemen of Devonshire St. (P.B.S.) invented the new solemnity. (Vide the Chapbook). It was said that this was an approvable antidote for Middleton Murray and people of that sort (J. C. Squire, etc.) who should however be dealt with by chemists.

A plague of potato bugs does not call for a counteracting movement in literary criticism, neither is there any use in trying to combat one form of idiotic and pompous solemnity by assuming the mannerisms of the Times Lit. Sup.

Mr. Aldington's article on Joyce in the English Review is the funniest thing that has appeared in England for some time; if he does not succeed in succeeding Edmond Gosse, he at any rate ousts Mr. Owen Seaman, and for this clever bit of sewer cleaning he certainly should receive a pension from the ever just British Govt.

The Dean of English criticism, Mr. T. S. Eliot, pronounces that "the greatest poets have been concerned with moral values"; this red-herring is justifiable on the grounds of extreme mental or physical exhaustion. The "greatest of poets" (Herr Je! what a phrase) have also eaten food, walked—and, mehercule, walked upon *legs*. The statements are of about equal value, my own having perhaps a greater per centum of truth in them, a, let us say, 99¼ % and should therefore be the more welcome to cautious and scholarly minds.

Aeschylus was concerned in proving that the gods were a bad lot, Oedipus got a rotten deal, etc. Villon is "concerned," I should worry. Shakespeare dramatized some of Montaigne's superficialities, and did perhaps, in Hamlet, indulge in a little Vale Owenism, but the question of survival of personality is metaphysical rather than ethical.

And in any case, in anny kase, in enny case, it is buncomb to drag these matters into a question of poetry.

A work of art, one almost ought to call it an "act of art," is enjoyable in proportion as the maker has made it to please himself.

This is not a superficial test superficially applicable. The conviction came to me in looking at four paintings by Clement Pansaers (about whose writing I have, for the moment, no opinion whatever).

These paintings are not especially novel, they are, let us say, related to the sort of thing Matisse *was* doing in 1911-12, and, in less degree, to Kandinsky.

I could see in them no defects, and very possibly no nameable merit save the chief merit, i. e., that there remained with me no doubt whatever that Pansaers had made them because he wanted to make them, that they had, historically, no other reason for existence.

(Such, upon enquiry, appeared to be case, historically: Pansaers had turned from his writing-desk, siezed his wife's already prepared palette, and put paint onto canvas).

By this test you can sort out the real from the academic; and I'm hanged if it isn't the only test that leads one through the labyrinth; that enables one to reject, on grounds, the floods of rubbish poured over one, the floods of rubbish which conform to every defined excellence of the definers; of the academics.

It is the one test that dodges the adjectives set up by compliers for the purpose of protecting the second rate.

(And now, gentlemen, now that the broken eggs and brick bats lie thickly upon the platform, I may perhaps be permitted to continue.)

Even in the "greatest" (for god's sake let us say "longest" if it refers to literature, and "largest" if it refers to painting, and "bulkiest" if to sculpture) . . . works the live part is the part which the artist has put there to please himself, and the dead part is the part which he has put there for some other reason . . .; which he has put there, let us say, because he thinks he *ought* to—i. e., "ought to," either to get or to *keep* an audience; or to conform to some standard of culture, or to avoid a "vulgarity," or to please a cult (ethical, religious or arty).

When the idea of duty comes in, pleasure ceases. This simple statement is as true of art as of amours.

Precisely, a work of art made to please the artist may be comic (unintentionally comic), it may be agreste, barbaric, even stupid (as Montaigne and Dürer and Monticelli are, often, stupid) but it will not be *dead*. It will not have the distinguishingly moribund character of a review in the Times, or of the poems in my volume "Canzoni."

The curse of the older generation in America was that they were always trying to impress "their duty" on writers. It is a writer's business to be dutiful if he *likes* being dutiful; and to be undutiful if it pleases him to be undutiful,—in which latter case he is more likely to be sympathetic.

The new generation in America, consisting of Mr. T. Jewell Cravens, W. C. Blum, and a few old gentlemen like Van Wyck Brooks have somewhat broken away. That bad boy Mr. Mencken is on another tack

Mr. Blum is a wicked man, well disposed toward me, personally, but still wicked. He makes and repeats in slightly altered form, in the Dial, the statement that I have pretended that parsing the classics will save American literature, and "make" authors.

"Parse all the classics, ancient and modern," is the only phrase of his I can verify at the moment. This he calls "Pound's remedy for us," (i. e., American writers).

Mr. Blum is a man of many virtues but that statement is buncumb. The one use of a man's knowing the classics is to prevent him from imitating the false classics.

You read Catullus, to prevent yourself from being poisoned by the lies of pundits; you read Propertius to purge yourself of the greasy sediments of lecture courses on "American Literature," on "English Literature from Dryden to Addison"; you (in extreme cases) read Arnaut Daniel so as not to be overawed by a local editor who faces you with a condemnation in the phrase "paucity of rhyme."

The classics, "ancient and modern," are precisely the acids to gnaw through the thongs and bulls-hides with which we are tied by our schoolmasters.

They are the antiseptics. They are almost the only antiseptics against the contagious imbecility of mankind.

I can conceive an intelligence strong enough to exist without them, but I can not recall having met an incarnation of such intelligence. Some does better and some does worse.

The strength of Picasso is largely in his having chewed through and chewed up a great mass of classicism; which, for example, the lesser cubists, and the flabby cubists have not.

The use of the classics is to give man courage, not merely a fomentary courage, but the permanent courage, to please himself, and not to give the minutest fraction of a half-baked under-done damn for any alleged consequence whatsoever, social, moral or political. (Under social read economic.)

The work of art is not a means.
The work of art is an end.

It is the result of an act or actions committed to please the artist and for *no* other reason. Plenty of bad writers are doubtless writing in the way they like . . . to get an audience, to keep an audience, to pay the rent, to attract the attention of someone whom they admire, the result is a botch. A botch because they ought to attempt their various aims with a pick-axe or with a cheque-book or by growing a blond and beautiful beard.

The work of art is an end. When he has done it, the artist is *as artist* through with it. If he remembers it, if it is good enough to give him pleasure when he next sees it, when he sees it after a lapse of ten years, he then approaches it as the admiring spectator; or if he has a pride in it, if it serves to lift him out of a grutch, he approaches it merely as the proud parent, or in some such sentimental, human relation.

EZRA POUND.

NOTE: The joke of it is that, the then, Mr. Henry Newbolt, author of *Drake's Drum*, now Sir Henry Newbolt, author of what's-its-name, said something very like the main idea of this essay in Fuller's Tea Shop, in 1913 or '15 after an utterly un-informed and imbecile lecture by himself to the British Royal Soc. of Lit.

THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 29th, 1916.

COURT MARTIAL of PARIS

COMPANION, a territorial, aged 43, is a soldier of grave and melancholy appearance.

He was tried yesterday before the 2nd Court Martial of Paris, before Colonel Chartier, upon a charge of desertion. The President asks the Accused: "What did you desert for?"

ACCUSED: I asked for a furlough and they wouldn't give it to me. I had to go to my home at Stains, near Saint-Denis. I had my potatoes to dig; they couldn't wait. I set to work at once and worked hard. When I'd got all my potatoes out, I went straight back. I did not know I had deserted.

PRESIDENT: You seem to forget it's war-time. We can't have you leaving your regiment to dig potatoes. You are not giving a serious reason.

ACCUSED: I had to get my potatoes out somehow.

Dedication

The poem is dedicated to
Roland Garros
prisoner at Güstrin
Germany

Garros I you

Garros here
we

You Garros

*Nothing but this black sil-
ence*

Morane

lunch at Villacoublay
we see in a stereoscope
all your photographs

Malmaison

the lawn the bees
Josephine's harp a
large broken
wing

*you lived in her room
dear creole*

*Cüstrin so far away in
Joanne and Larousse
Cüstrin hard to find on the
map*

*Garros our flights
I thought we were falling
and it was your famous
bank on the wing*

*now they teach it to all the
pilots
at Plessis-Belleville*

*a thread of sky divides
a lump of heart
infinitely*

*and we sink upward
but
I knew your grasp*

*pilot
familiar of graphite
and over our silences as if
inside a diver's helmet*

*the dead town
inverted*

*Grip tight Garros
hold on to my shoulder*

*Dante and Vergil
crouched over abysses*

*I will take you up now in
my turn
familiar ink.*

*and here are my loopings
my records of high altitude*

*There is no use asking
more questions
deaf*

*in my wind my motor and
my mask
I choose you
on purpose
prisoner of men*

*unable to defend yourself
from my fraternal gift*

*we move with the whole
factory
the mechanisms have start-
ed their racket*

*enormous rag-times
short-circuits
moon-twitchings*

*a rod rhymes with a rod
a piston with a piston
a bolt with a thousand bolts*

*but none of one sort with
those of any other*

*coition
at a distance*

*the same oil runs in the
joints*

*and at the funeral dentists'
the American convict*

*Invaded with amperes
Goes down like a ship
mast-under*

*here is the song of obe-
dience
our exiguous slave's
rôle*

*and you
leaden angel Garros
your great sad epic*

poor friend we are so heavy

Preamble

*where the poets attempts
to outline a poetic*

Not a minute to be lost

*the cocks
uproar of limbos
barkings of ghosts in flight
an- ge- lus*

*hamlet
delivers the dawn
hawks*

*The clock
Come stand up*

*I drive my heavy team
a swallow
sucks in
eagerly its sharp cry
and*

*capsizes
on the storm-shaken grass
swallows
the sour shrieks
then
the artesian
blood
obstructs an
plant infallible*

*An early airplane awakes
me
in the deep ocean
the sponge listens*

to a transatlantic propeller

*in its sluggish brain
in its hive of bitter salt
in its lungs of yellow tow*

*the rye-kernel
without grass' chatting
and far from emphatic trees*

*I
plant
it
it will sprout*

forsake the country feasts

*for the explosive word falls
harmlessly
eternal through
the dense generations
and if not you*

*nothing
will detonate
its fragrant melinite*

*Hoio
I discard eloquence
The hollow sail
and the swollen sail
that cause the ship to lose
course*

*my ink indents
and there
and there*

*and
there
sleeps
poetry*

*The looking-glass ward-
robe drifting ice-floes
the little eskimo girl
dreaming
in a heap
of moist negroes
her nose was
 flattened there
against the pane of dreary
 christmases*

*A white bear
adorned with chromatic
 moire
dries himself
in the midnight
sun*

*Liners
the huge luxury
 immersed
slowly founders*

with all its lights

*thus
the ball founders
into the thousand mirrors
 of the palace hotel*

*and now
It is I
thin Columbus of pheno-
 mena
alone
in front of a looking-glass
 wardrobe
full of linen
and locked*

*The stubborn miner
of emptiness
digs
in his plenteous mine
the rough possible
there glitters
amid the white rock*

*O
cataleptic princess of Per-
 rault*

Ludwig Beethoven

to the left *to the right*









*the god shakes the tight
rope
and I walk
towards the other bank
with infinite caution*

*New York
buildings
this triangular and Amer-
ican
angel perch
little acropolis
not
made in Germany where
they are always making
bad blue prints
of eternity against nature
lift
column
ascending always*

*Slumber of ideal lines
harrassed
gods
there asleep
As the ear seeks in a shell
an hereditary rumour*

the eye

*against a crystal paper-
weight*

*follows
the merry-go-round of sil-
ences*

*the unknown curdles
diluting
aquarium blossoms*

*elohim's hands
octopuses of darkness*

*on the fly's retina
ten thousand times the
lump of sugar*

*we expected God almighty
inside it*

*Acrobat
perfect dancer
I admire
you*

*walking on our feet
our arms*

free for any kind of motion
but you
on your hands
slowly
the useful leg stops
exactly where it must
precise sheaf

The shoulder alone having
felt the yoke

breathes
free

and none
better than you the fugue
Igor

none
better than you Pablo ana-
tomy

none better than I alexan-
drine
arithmetic

Advance

turn not back
your past blazes
you would become
a sugar column

a statue
of sugar
seated Advance crush
dove - slaughtering Her-
cules

Tropmann

So that be accomplished
the child conceived
in androgynous solitude

I am the empty
battery
humble heavy at the mercy
of a discharge

within me
the ripe storm
this domestic catastrophe
electrolysis of fleece
entwines an alp
around the aneroid baro-
meter

an ox lightening-coated
bellows

*stained continental
to the mauve thunder*

*the cannonade
through the foliage
 they let go
for fright tufts
 of herbs*

*God coos on the tops of
 am-a-zed trees
 whither goes
this cool dark cloud
 shaken
 with pale twitch-
 ings*

*I feel a shock coming
platforms are decked with-
 in me*

*a procession starts
elsewhere
will I be worthy
foaming Cumean
shaken Sybil
o medium
o god-trap*

*after the crisis crackle
remnants of phosphorus
an
echo of Olympus' laugh
against me*

*they thought they were our
 light
and my music
in truth for
they seek on their own scale
but you
let this puddle
carry you away to the At-
 lantic Ocean
this cane
to the redwood
 monstrous cedar*

*Ancestor
Far west
hollowed out
 tunnel
darkness
 bark*

into it

*I saw this on an ad-
 vertisement
of the Transatlantic
Steamship Company*

*the scarlet mail coach
hurls itself
staminated
with golden trumpets*

Bend this rail incline

A varnished toboggan

*draw up
the alphabet*

*already
brand new rolled up
the poem in good order
moves
advance
 leftward-bound traveller
as far as this April cross-
 ways
where
awakening
with dawn's contagious
 crowings*

*one road alone
remains
which is to the left
to the right
and in the middle*

*As the Father the son and
the Holy Ghost*

Attempt to Escape

*where the poet tries to
escape from the earth*

*You earth-adorer
plant clear save marry
copulate
and heavy
and your foot heavy*

*treads upon your inherited
lot*

*your leaden sole
antipode
drive in your spade
turn up your field
geological convict*

*the planet-dwellers' de-
pressing labour*

*prisoner of your own pres-
ence*

*the stratified soil breathes
you*

*son of earth
retained by the navel-string*

*lying flat against her
you carry the infinite
astride your back*

*heavy heavy
tyrant turf*

*with one kiss the mother
crushes
the prodigal son*

*Among the ants
the lean ant
stirs*

and bequeathes her lot

*white butterfly
a gale of zephyr*

makes it swerve

*after mass
through the hills
as far as it goes*

its course strands on umbels

*the tree-haunting bird chir-
rups*

*the pagan enthusiastic tree
cheering the season
draws its sap
from catacombs*

*I I listen
to the dull picks
the dull shocks
of the unknown dull shocks
dull shocks of picks*

*the upright miner
keeping in his breath
digging the reverse gallery
he tries to join
the others*

*Sons of punished airmen
there is slaughtered
he who ventures himself*

*the pearl fattens for the
diver*

*the Unknown
cuts the tube*

*the diver will not have the
pearl*

*they all died on the shore
of forbidden
explorations*

*I Vasco of sad effort
the captain*

*Standing in the dark
ductile to nothing else but
the inhuman
I awaited the truce-am-
bassadors
of void*

*never seen
chromatisms
calcinate
tuberculosis*

*A propeller
(visible elsewhere)
its ghost rumbles here
proving the disk*

*and mows off the unbeliev-
ing hand*

*therefore
this angel heedless else-
where*

*may
to us
appear
the ineffable slackening
giant
condenses himself
suddenly there
first the shoulder*

then springing

Jacob rolls over him

*sternum knee bone grass
struggle
hits narrow
he felt the wing
at the shoulder blade
the lukewarm hunchback
irregular breath*

*of an oppressed nostril
steam
against the neck*

he tries to bite

grips hard

rage muscles

sweat sweet about hair roots

*a sheaf of flesh
in the dark boxing-ring*

warm night

*the fabulous young mon-
ster splashes
the finished bath of a huge
swan*

*Jacob finds
an advantage
of weight
weighs
pants
elastic
crushes
swan's spasm
lying on top
weighs*

Swan's spasm

*on him
fierce male Leda
the big starred American
negro of the match
totters
drunk with pink blows*

just a little more courage
are these hands they slip
cocks spread out the dawn

at last
I see my quarry
to face
pants cocks
weighs cocks
grass cocks
dark boxing-ring cocks

Jacob struggled against the
angel

full night

at morn
alone

lawns anvils angelus
the cocks
dawn wets
that stiff winner falls asleep
wakes

without even

a trampling of feathers
without even
something of Armida

I really thought I held the
angel

one night
I hoped
in an opera of slumber
he was following
a farmwall of my
childhood
rue Labruyère
at dusk

he approached

a familiar face somewhat
different
and mad

withdraws
into the poppies of darkness

my shoulder
swerving
the dream
an endless fall

*digs an abyss of linen
I start*

*monstrous with solitude
and sensitive
brotherhood*

*and if he enters will I un-
derstand him
a Bethlehem peasant
towards help scampers off
full speed
for
the new messenger angel
dashes from the hayloft
like a starting fire*

*Along the eo
lian
bowl oe ié
my wet finger
awakens
a star*

*Nothing wearies
my enterprise*

eo ié eu ea

*antedeluvian atrophied
organ*

*a a ea eo ea
ue ue eo ea
âaoa eâoa
â u e â eo eu
â a e o u e u
e u e â a ue ue eo ua
o a o*

*I cultivate its dead
trace*

*â a o a
o a â a e a o â
e a e â o â o â e a u â e a u â
o â o â e a u â
e â e â â â*

*knock against the metals of
planets
I vibrate in answer to the
planets*

heark en

*in self strengthless
song of earths
coincides*

*I am sick of being a man
understand that*

*if you knew from where I
dive up
I have ripened like a cata-
strophe
everything laughed wrong
and suddenly thunders
certainty*

*I carry certainty in me
and the right to certainty
against over under and in-
side*

*I carry within me
the superposed
nines
of the proof
the gold coin and the mar-
ble
that the gold coin rings on
there is no more this and
that
mine or yours*

I have crossed the zone

of wreaths

*where
hammocks and gondolas
get entangled*

*I accuse
I lash
I whip traffic*

*I will find the combination
of the safe*

*I do not commit suicide
I do not bend Sicamber
I do not dig my grave*

*I pursue desperately
where all
submit*

*they build themselves
houses
introductions to graves*

*now
those who had chosen
were pauper'd
of all the rest*

*Side for
and heavy on the soil
and alone
and dig the earth
an earth-adorer's place*

or die of yourself

*if not
the exit
is where I am seeking it*

*An atavism of eternity
my finest child's voyage*

*One ought to turn back
quick
anyhow
anywhere*

*overtake angel and do-
main*

*Am I the dead man
in this arm-chair
the slow escort
a final farewell mo-
tion
is swallowed up empty
screen
a white tremor
or Captain Scott and
his friends
return to die
long ago
every evening
in a Veronica eskimo
cinematograph
shroud*

*they reached our eyes
like an already dead
star*

*and not that vain heroism
of tourists*

but a rape

*that supernatural film gives
a hope
of discoveries
worthy of us*

*and no maps
no compass
no pemmican
no tallow
no gold balloon
seal charmer*

*Elsewhere Fluids
 Openings*

*It is not in human sand
that the angel has left
his footprints*

*where sits to die
possessing all things
Alexander*

*One morning Columbus
weighs anchor*

*on on mad crew
we will discover America*

*a shell of icy laughter ex-
plodes
in the varnished deckhouse
scatters the jostled lambs
of the wave*

*an unknown desire flags the
frigates*

the sea rocks a newborn sky

*the wide hearted pilot
breathes
in spite of all
a native certainty*

*my note my frigate
my cry*

where the wax region of
silence
absorbs a cry
where
the treble breaks

I I sing

Malibran
dies
in the throat
of the son
of that locksmith
slow science councing its
legs
gallops
having lost the poet's
track

between A and B
swarm the signs

infra do
ultra si
where
the eagle peels off blind
where
the walrus' blood

nipped
curdles a shrub of black
crystal I fly
and swim
listen to me behind silence
listen to me over silence
my bone knocks
the outside of alpha
and the outside of omega

I glide
along countless
intervals
oiled
on sonorous slopes
tinkles
meadow over inter-
vals

I
my sides injured
against the octave
and weight
and the twenty-six children
of Cadmus
and purple
and red

*I watch in ambush
 angel hunter*

*on this threshold
even the most victorious*

*stops
poor of conquests*

I tease eternity

Georgics of Death

*where the poet
returns to men*

*I sign my name at the start
plain without pedal
pleiad jack rabbit
 thyme seller's cry*

*Remy Belleau
Seine-et-Oise
quite morning
 quite tricolour*

*the rich manure incenses
the month of August
on the edge
of a gardener's roof
warbled
a glycina
red bricks the farm yard
boils the white dung
and the blissful greengages
there
the well anchored cock
crows
his golden egg
Some day perhaps looking
back
they will sing the great war
I John
I have eaten the book
on a milestone
Rheims Joan Patmos
I John I have seen Rheims
destroyed
and from afar it smoked
like a torch*

*A Rheims house thunders
 wavers
and open it shows
a frame
a bed
a console table*

high high the seraphim
split melinite
september sky
the aircraft register the fir-
ing

the cathedral
a golgotha of guipure
smoking islet I look at
its vitriolated face

a scampering priest passes

my hip hurts me very much
since I was hit by that rafter
look out lie down
the silky flourish of shells
this horse limps in its en-
trails

"they are aiming at the
gazometer doctor"

Some day they will tell of
Ugolin
the matron cannibal
licks eats chews digests
the young flesh
they will tell of her mouth-
fuls

they will tell of Cosmos
he yawns
after sleeping centuries
and moves
and compels man to wound
him
with hot gashes

to feed upon him
and to feed him

they chose the lustiest
the tenderest
having some human mo-
tives
medals covenants revenge
to believe themselves free
despite of
the despotic order

they will tell of the plague

the fire roaring
from east to west

and Pallas the lean maiden
who loves only fatherlands

*they will sing the Georgics
of death*

*and seed time
having come
the general of Georgics
the blue bellied patriarch
a fresh clod
and a map
in his hand
sitting
gold starred
he directs the game*

*he eyes the country girl
red bonneted
the big manly girl
sowing the seed*

*they will tell of the name-
less seed
the new contact
that nestling of eyes and
beards
at ground level
that farming September
humus rootlets clay
the fringe of faces of the
two countries*

one heard

*voices singing
 O Tannenbaum
one heard
 clear
 on the other bank
 of a river
one heard chatting the
 voices
of the German army*

*O Tannenbaum
O Tannenbaum
wie grün sind deine
blätter*

*and on our side school
laughter
good brogue laughter
on our side*

*medley wedding cake
deep alchemy
the ploughman himself has
dug the acre
with merry steel
In it he has sown his body
you will eat his body
and you will drink his body*









and already

watch

*under monotonous dusks
of gangrene
a Gulf-Stream of sweetish
phenol*

*against this big stiff horse
laughing to the angels*

grows the ear

*the youth
a plant reappeared hoists
himself
in the morning sun*

*Surge of the Globe
the ploughed fields
the metempsychosis harvest
the miners after fire damp
in the elbow a childhood's
sleep under the lamp*

the swamp of uniforms

*number
black honey of flies
Hill 137*

*they will tell of the awful
day
when the minotaurus being
no longer hungry
they overfed him
they will tell of the clearing
stations
those who are carried back
tepid night
a dissarray of awful love
of revel*

*where? stretchers
safety lamp*

*Crib
this group of women
the sponge
and the pail in the dark
Luggage window n° 3*

the staring eye

*uninterrupted
is internally stupefied
by each of their tragedies*

*they will sing
the hour of forbidden in-
telligence
the hour of the heart not
of the brain
when one had to love the
country too much
to be too patriotic*

*and the leather blinkers
against a thousand shades
like a bigot
tight in her weeds
loves God
with his white beard his
dove on his right
his son on his left
a golden throne
lilies music of harps*

*they will sing the great vic-
tory of the Marne
the Meuse the Year
the great famous misery
which was not a miracle
which was not a chance
but quite possible
quite logical
quite in accordance
with French history*

*Perrault
and the Bible*

*Thus
a huge farce
turns victory over
and tucks her up
along an immortal Sep-
tember*

*a whirlwind of ruddy flesh
an avalanche of country
laughter
and the villages blossom
anew
like a 14th of July
an avalanche
an avalanche of sheep chas-
ing the eagles*

*the red dogs
close followed
by at last the touching pack
of deer*

*a victory
over the best of Germany
and over the least good of
France*

*the great anarchist victory
its young wings
against the wind*

*the great riot
the great thaw forward
a blue and red cataract
purges
the gray countryside
rubs off
from the compact
rose
a slug's slabber*

*a victory over war
and over covenants
and over yesterday's strate-
gists
and over the tired chiefs
and over the powerful pre-
varicators
and over the Chamber of
sweat and garlic
and over the republican
autocrats
they look on amazed
through a vent hole
having barricaded the door
from fear*

*the gay anarchism that pro-
tects them
and saves them from the
black eagles
and the woodlice
they will sing the sans
culotte epic
the deadly corn
and everybody is alike
all men are equal
having mouths noses ears
and a rifle
and everyone is sleepy
and everyone
sleeps
on the ground
he who was accustomed to
sleep
outside
as well as
the man of property*

*a college single file
a crowd
mutinied
suddenly
against the unfair fate*

*and these little heaps of
lime
more commemorative
than busts of marble*

*and the dumb opinion
of the trees of the shrubs
witnesses of the crime
they did not
look back
like Lot's wife
towards
unworthy sloth
to be turned into a statue*

*they marched on
from vineyard to vineyard
from house to house
from field to field*

*well at ease in their indis-
cipline
steady in their independ-
ence
sprightly
in their odd uniforms*

*Ah!
there were Alexanders
Jasons Caesars Bonapartes
by the bushel
leading the dance
and we do not know even
their names*

*and masses in the boroughs
with
trumpets drums
at the elevation*

*bronze crosses
if you have the luck to keep
alive
and if you die
on some dot in the map
a few ashes
a little mud*

*beech cross
in the belly
and
instead of the hebrew
INRI those Kings
The Passion*

a blue cap

*Potatoes' earth
clover's earth
op poppies of beets
of graves*

*greedy Jehovah
Jehovah who eats
doves clouds houses*

*and all things that within
them are
Jehovah the man-eater
chews you
with his big teeth
so that Goliath may die and
so that
Saul may die
and so that I
David*

*harrassed by deep struggle
may slingless return and
recover*

his lute

The Paviour's Song

*where the poet returns
to earth*

*Jacob climbs up to the
sunny shutters
between a concert of angels
and a sound of steps
in the back yard*

workmen nailing nailing

*deep hammers
that metallurgic
angelus
built in the narrow yard
with the plain-chant of love
songs
a catafalque*

*a pigeon filled with gold
tips over roof angle*

*the surf of chesnut trees
jumps and thunders
against the curb's break-
water*

*tame heat opens its good
jaw*

*the Alexander gold blazes
and out of the arch
of cool night*

*the royal blue Chocolat
Menier*

Charenton

*new asphalt between the
uneven palaces*

*a large canal of sunshine
night*

*the deep liquorice
reflects the blue darkness*

as a negro so pale at
Columbo mirrors
the wide tobacco leaves he
gathers

a radiotelegram has run
over the sea
the lambs hustled on the
sea's icy slopes
and that back wind from
the offing brings
a tom-tom

the
pine apple carapace
of sour
sun
out of which sprouts
a savage chignon of
greenery
the savages here come the
savages
around the charming Eiffel
neck
the bow-net

the plesiosaurus
squall of unknown
carrier pigeons
lets the eloquent azure drop
down
to the water's edge

four elephantine paws

the water flows under the
never quenched bridges

park
of green balloons
young trees swelled
with oxygen
spring laughs
hiding a thousand
explosives

I start
Eiffel Tower
harlequin
cage of the blue birds

posters

the clouds the barges

the iron chignon'd pine
apple

Trocadero

*a green water peacock
floods the whales
the whole poultry yard
scatters*

**KUB BYRRH BYRRH
PETIT JOURNAL**

*Punch and Judy shake out
tree laughter*

*eleven o'clock
young bare armed work-
man*

*paves drives in
the big mosaic
planes the cube
drives it in
between other cubes care-
fully joined
in drab flooring*

PIANOS A.BORD

*grave labour of frivolous
arms*

*young anonymous arms
so much health so many
embraces
lost there*

*noble arms
sober
leonine*

*massive
formal
nubile
chaste
the bitter elbow of bread
calibered*

*camouflaged
packed
resigned*

*glossy
simple
georgic*

*in the young etruscan
jar*

*an old blood freshens
from father to father
nuptial*

*thick
ripened
silent*

*fluctuous
animal
pomonian*

*gregorian
gymnast*

*supple full marine saline
diving*

copulous
populous
fluvial
agricultural
the maizefed pigeon of the
biceps *bridles*
 up

honest
grave
kneaded
melodious
blind
heavy
heaped
basketed
infatuated
dense
frugal
comrade

warm bread *mag-*
 nolia *pillars*
the way to tie rigging
apricot *rubber*
 potteries
fresh sod of evening
 ploughing
trombone
voices of the alto and
 trombone

grave arms *leopards*

seals
 processions held back
 roots of the morning
 sun
suddenly
biplane *the unequal*
 organ
 of chimneys
swells a continuous fugue
 opening
with fierce up and down
 strokes
gradually
(we see the tricolour tar-
 gets)
havocs a sky of Sunday
 buildings
bores a hot tunnel
raving artichoke
the wooden star shwalls
and rwabs
and grooves an open track
for its cow's its archangel's
 tricks
is it going to feed in my
 hand
dives to the right and climbs
 to the left

another
 hear the rumble

*joins in the game
full blown cycling-track*

DUNLOP

*platoon of pacemakers
there
look quick
bel low ing
a third aluminium
archangel
haymaker of the waste heat
wool-cards a cloud
carries back to its ornitho-
drome
a clash of bitter abdomen*

*the big factory Sainte Ge-
neviève
high high
this fa
murmurs*

*the great watchful organs
deep voice of Orion
and high
so high 4000
no more*

*the ear yields to the eye
alone
a Himalaya snow
two etherivorous
hawks*

*The young navy
blinks to the sun
and bends down again
to his work
having slightly raised
his head*

The Organ

*where the poet listening to
airplanes thinks of
a spiritual
machine and pilot*

*In the cool lofts of the
church
already
far from the torrential sun
disguised motley
of the roses
I had founded you out
machine*

*one day
Palm Sunday mass
mad weaver
pilot
prepares in a dim loft*

*the sailing off with his crew
bunch of profiles
one of them*

*pushes in the enamel
keys*

*another
testing the machine
pulls the break handles
another
switches on the machinery
at brink of the catholic
abyss*

*Elevation
little cluster*

*the ogival echo coughs and
grinds*

all clear

*the solemn pyramid of sil-
ence*

falls

on Samson

*sitting in the element he
draws out of the void
to keep up his flight*

*itches
and rolls carrying off the
aft-castle*

*triumphantly
will he tear it off at
last*

from earth

*David to Jerusalem street-
bands*

dances

around the ark

*and stiffly Saint George
rears*

*and Siegfried props him-
self*

and Perseus

neighing albatross

on the threshold of caves

*a prey of carnivorous
organs*

*the monster's breath with
jaws open*

*organs ogres wardens
of the original fugue-coffer*

*the bush-fingered hero
obstinately tries
to unstick the melody*

*these standing lions
these tame archangels
roar chirrup*

*the whipless tamer
mesmerizes
aviary menagerie
with all his body*

*God slips and speaks aim-
ably
through the birdlet*

*here
from depths
polyphonic hurricane
stretches itself
through a pewter forest
naked clay groups Michael
Angelo*

*and
mouthpiece on the poop
captain in charge
cries out
orders
in this hurricane*

*hangs on desperate
to the ropes
until at last
the unmasted organ*

*rolls
in its own cyclone*

*Suddenly the Melisande
note
boring through the vault
silence
goes up to God
a pure fountain jet*

*Pan sluice levels
revel and beatitude*

April dries up floods

*a honeyed bush
blossoms
into roaring wild-roses*

The Sheds

where the poet remembers
the sheds of Billancourt
where airplanes
are built

Far West Texas Prairie
ranches
wooden cities
film youth
under Billancourt sky

ALDA ALDA the
veranda
the balloons graze gas
in the aerostatic fields
goatkilted boys dance
felt hats gauntlets
the scarf around Rio Jim's
neck
is certainly red

hip waltz half-turn
fre!
they strung up the horse
thief on a eucalyptus-
tree
in the Andes

Are you there? Post Office?
the ugly Antinous at his
zinc counter
retails his gin trumps
coats off
a rough house with the
gold diggers

MY DEAR DURKE
the Indian chief refuses to
give up his inheritance
at any cost
I issue orders to continue
work. We cannot inter-
rupt
a railway for the sake of
stupid opposition. I will
come to
the farm on Sunday
your uncle
WILSON

program out of date
very smooth Underwood
typewriter
detective
in the saddle
and (a good shot with the
pistol)

<i>the telephone girl of Los Angeles</i>	<i>from our box way out at sea</i>
<i>revives</i>	
<i>the old gallop</i>	<i>a sprightly horse at Buda-</i>

the Indians on their ponies

engine 1203

*Maud marries the cowboy
the giantess blushes with
fine black blood
an artless fence of eyelashes
charcoals the cheek's sup-
erb whitewash
more and more ghostlike
couple
until that shield of thunder-
bolts*

AMERICAN
VITAGRAPH

programme sellers
in the night glowrooms

from our box way out at sea

*a sprightly horse at Buda-
pest*

the solist sings

*To the Grand Canal of
music stands*

ignoring Alpine tourism
where naturally slow ox
cart

*goes by
at the double*

posthumous airman's greet-
ing

Woodcutting in Norway

*and once more the cata-
leptic American*

idyll

in full moonlight sunlight

the chalk profiled horse

*up there
old electricity
knits at her skylight*

Billancourt

Billancourt sky

*in the first shed
bones quills tubing
thundering
wheelwork
of cherubim
the entrails hot forge*

*an appearance of
human hands
white hive of the motor
plunged sizzles
congealed in one
virgin block*

*in the second shed
wings varnish they stick
the mauve canvas together
sets jointer saw paint
yawls canoes
stencilled numbers*

*just follow your right
in the third shed 
they adjust the parts
for the pageant standing
on the motor chariots
where jolt folded
the fairy butterflies*

lean trees of the Suburbs

FIAT

frrrrrrrr

away birds

*and there was an evening
and there was a morning
and it was the fifth day of
the world*

the last shed

4

it

opens

straight

above the light waters

Roland Garros

*where the poet sings
Garros
who tore himself so well
from the earth*

*The youth already brazen
facing the sea*

<i>Chistopher Columbus</i>	<i>we brought back bunches</i>
<i>sailor at fourteen</i>	<i>of it</i>
<i>Fréjus ten minutes stop</i>	<i>luggage cabin de luxe</i>
<i> olives</i>	
<i>a poster's azure</i>	<i>creole women</i>
	<i>rolling cigars on their</i>
	<i>moist thighs</i>
<i>he was born on Vidal La-</i>	
<i>blanche</i>	
<i>the Carolines</i>	<i>On the first day the sailors</i>
<i>Cherbourg</i>	<i>bought</i>
<i>cold watermelon in pink</i>	<i>cockatoos blue masked</i>
<i>snow</i>	<i>monkeys</i>
<i>the negro loved the family</i>	<i>shaddocks</i>
<i>so well</i>	
<i>he used to recite a compli-</i>	<i>at dinner they talk of the</i>
<i>ment on Chistmas eve</i>	<i>Pole</i>
<i>fishing on wave tops</i>	
<i>big fish sleep there</i>	<i>La Paloma</i>
	<i>The pirate comrade</i>
	<i>Roland's horn</i>
	<i>Tristram's horn</i>
<i>going after little birds with</i>	<i>hunts</i>
<i>a lime covered bamboo</i>	<i>the Walkyries</i>
<i>Jules Verne</i>	<i>the alternative shot of bul-</i>
<i>the septicolor tree chirrups</i>	<i>lets baffles</i>

luggage *cabin de luxe*

a poster's azure

creole women
rolling cigars on their
moist thighs

the Carolines

On the first day the sailors
bought
cockatoos blue masked
monkeys
shaddocks

*Cherbourg
cold watermelon in pink
snow*

the negro loved the family
so well

he used to recite a compliment on Chistmas eve

*at dinner they talk of the
Pole*

*fishing on wave tops
big fish sleep there*

La Paloma
The pirate comrade
Roland's horn
Tristram's horn

going after little birds with
a lime covered bamboo

hunts the Walkyries

Jules Verne
the septicolor tree chirrup

the alternative shot of bullets baffles

*the star of wood and air
sprinkles a Dervish ghost*

*My dear Jean
I have killed a Taube. What a
nightmare!
I will never forget their fall.
They took fire
a thousand metres up. I have
seen their bodies
bleeding, awful. A bullet has
gone through
the spar of one of my wings . . .*

*true
hero
pities
his victim*

*how good a stroll
after the storm*

*our scheme (you remem-
ber)*

*to fly over
deep jungles
grazing their tops*

a metropolitan murmur

*cockatoos strike up the
hubbub of colours*

*the musk of raptured boas
rises*

All Virginia awakes

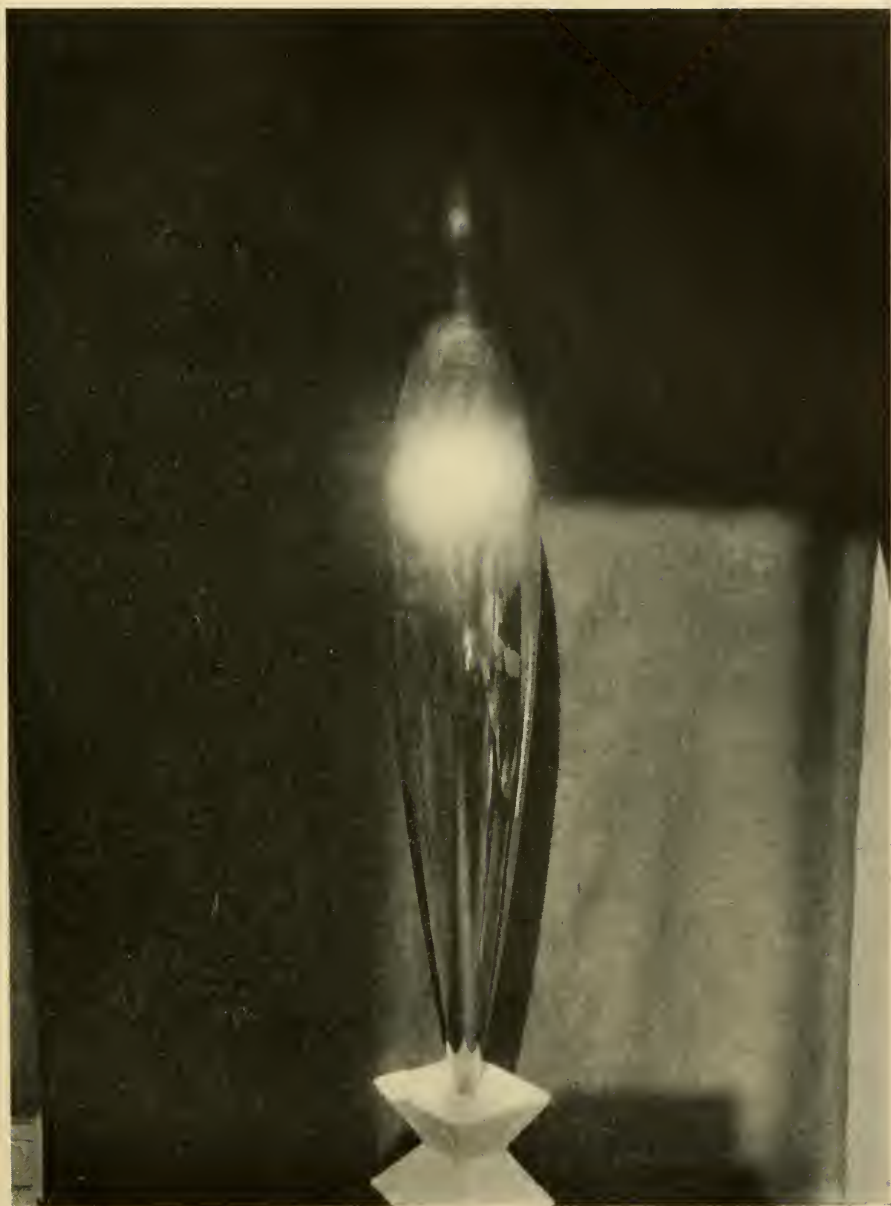
Invitation to Death

*where the poet tells of
his first flight with Garros
the call of earth*

*An icy pigeon fight in the
face
offered to slaps of flags*

gloving frost

*oceanic aquarium
oil sprinkled I smother
in the sea bath*









*a cold opulence
of sea water
rushes into my nostrils*

*falling peril
 the nausea
 gap*

*on the left
tempts the emerging
 shoulder
hauled
sucked
my internal body cuddles
around my heart*

endless slope

valleys surge we recede

*a king of alders
between his palms
he kneads he strokes the
 heart*

*the silent mermaids
in the pilot's bosom
swell their shrill song*

*the increasing flight
 notified
only by viscera
the machine hoisted
 itself
to nothing
by pools of height*

*like fish
dumb glass-globe crowd
swarm around a bread
fighting with their muzzles*

*around a medium table
the elementals aghast
silent riot jostle
the clouds charmed
by the propeller
 towards us
 their flock strolled
 surging*

*the pilot's voice
struck me quick
pulled off
with the hurricane of void*

*the inverse course of a bird
gives you suddenly
the brief statement of speed*

little roads
little forests
little farms
little what? lake
is it a lake it
glitters
it is a
lake

the ebonite muzzled drag-
on fly
scattering chips of sky
havocs the cubic track

sun glitters on the face of
darkness
as on the face of the sea
and the lungs are filled
with the clean chill
of eternity

an outline of agony

steady at once
the reverse fall
softly mows
the stomach

the loop

turns the world upside
down

and it lies down under you

Niagara

peninsula

of height

*prisoner on parole of the
earth*

*at four thousand up
and in depth infinite*

*a kite of your childhood
suddenly stringless you free
yourself
sitting upon it*

*With your bear's hand
Garros*

*then
you showed me something*

*and I leaned over the abyss
and saw Paris on the earth
my town humbler*

at her size

empty of men

*weak lonely her jade
Seine*

*and the more I watched her
decrease*

*the more I felt my sad love
increase*

*for he who parts from what
he loves*

*to destroy his sad love
the likeness of what he loves
isolates strips itself
hides the rest
and torments him the more*

*and he who climbs
if he lean over
and see the poor accomo-
dations of the earth
bows his head*

*and wants to return to his
prison*

a fresh universe

*capsizes
rolls spasms of green night
smothers the drowning
drinker*

drunk with limpid death

*I ship
a sea of cold sky*

a pale geography

*alcohol of atmospheres
where a house
becomes huge
with ease
and returns likewise
to dumb Gulliver*

*destroyed fauna
herbal of empty landscapes
saved by what miracle*

*solitude
O mount Ararat*

*must we
go down again
to the remnants of fabulous
plague of Genesis*

*Sodom's Gomorras
at the bottom
visible to swimmers
in the dead sea*

*underneath
the river itself petrified
clean cuts the moon in two*

*When we landed
I thought we were still fly-
ing at two thousand
o surprise*

*I was mistaking for a deep
forest*

the heater on the meadow

Parable of the prodigal Son

*where the poet tells of
Garros' famous flight
and his return to earth*

Sport

*dawn
a dim awakening of
Amphitrite
a hanging morning*

chilly waves
one after the other
bathe on the sea side
playing bones

ebb and flow
systole diastole

*the stitch of cold foam
the froth between the pebbles*

those eggs those hearts
those little loaves those
skeletons
petrified alive by water

*the wind tests its pulleys
a bird shrieks and escapes*

pine trees

that sailboat without a Mizzen without a Topsail without a Spanker without a Jib without a Flying Jib

*without a Crossjack
the little stiffwinged boat
on the down
like a seal*

*The naval officers
and the young woman with
the fur cloak*

anguish sinks
into the bosoms
seaweed

*the new yawl by the rail
in her christening robes
her hull ready for other
waves*

furs tow eskimo

*the pilot
pulls down leather over his
ears
puts on his gloves
calm
steady*

the newly fitted Morane
machine
he examines a head
the red propeller

that can split
astern the palmed tail of
the wheels
the bolts the tank
without a word
foresee the least accident

cigarette
the morning fleet
manoeuvres westward
Fréjus

I shall have to go

a belt around the loins
the opossum hump
the map and the route in
ink on
the yellow islands
compass

The two young sailors quite
moved
although they have been
through many squalls
where they could not weigh
anchor
a smile
to these captives of soil

and farewell to the lady
before the mask
a dumbness
aquarium
cinematograph
hypnosis
chloroform
sixth sense

the prodigal son
felt his span
down to the tips of his
wings
like a blind man
down to the tips of his wide-
stretched arms

the beech
the pier
the creek
good bye
turn the propeller
already far away jolts
detonates
and bellows in a semi-circle
tearing off sods
motor explosions
battle with the earth
to destroy a rail of planet-
ary

obedience

at last

witnessed only by officials
and by a pack of cows one
of which
throws itself into the water
as if it had a hornet in its
ear

*the young man
pulls off the artificial bird
from the dune*

and the sun *after it*

*south
he flies away*

immense heat
the day

a convict free from prison

peninsula of the Esterel

*the gradually indistinct bel-
lowing restores
already*

*a marble silence of statue
attesting the incipient ex-
ploit*

how would this astonish
you
old Mediterranean
fundamental mirror of
myth

*giddiness and its censers
reverberation*

lark

*the sea
glitters*

bob-sleigh *lift*

swing scenic railway

pink Esterel

on the right

*cheers of all things to light
dazzled polish of a wing
one plane more and more
distinct*

rejoicings after Deluge
hashich of emptiness
enchanted canoe

*seat so narrow
strap*

*The adventures of
the Grand Vizier
and of a Manchurian
magician*

*the Prince
looks at his compass
and at various im-
plements of magic
under his turban
of leather*

*of fur
of glass
of cork
of aluminium
and of rubber*

*starry roof of the palace of
octopi
of sponges*

*a click
the propeller one blade
then*

*another then
the blades*

*he sees the
blades*

*where blazes
a lottery of sky*

the motor is silent

*the airplane
dives steep down*

into emptiness

*helpless a mythic dive
at four thousand from
earth*

*the fishfed gull
falls
beak-heavy
on its deep
prey*

*this world's end tar
and pastorals of foam*

*Ganymede victorious
over the eagle Jupiter
returns to his bleating flock*

*the shadow of the wings
covers the sea*

*over fleets
over riots*

*but the propeller
in its fall
starts turning
and revives the motor
watchful of the sublime
fate*

the pilot escapes anew

just a little short of it

*the prison of weight
on the fleeing captive's
track
lets loose its soldiers and its
pack*

floating airplane wreckage

higher

water sepulchre

higher

*the pilot feels at his neck a
silver
medal
gift of the bravest
beloved*

*a secret wheelwork broken
is the motor
going to stop*

free

*a
keen Iliad air*

*slopes of the void
its warm rivers
its gulfs where he turns
its pumps of icy moraire
its Guadalquivirs
its Gulf Streams
its Lake Tchads*

leather cuirassed Pallas

its Zuydersees

*the right road he loses
where are those islands
one ought to see in front*

*nothing here gives bearings
nothing shows
the landward road
neither map
nor compass
febrile blue
insect
at the heart of the Rose*

*rearing he aims at
the falls of the sun
which
following the same road
faster
gives the time*

*a sirocco cyclone
brass blazes
leather boils
sea sunstroke
blind he soars hothouse
his nostrils bleed
his legs are numb*

in the furs and wools

cramped hand

*the varnish on the wings
shrivels*

*exhausted is it going at once
to take fire in full flight
like a bat soaked in petrol
a moth at a gas lamp*

*and Sieur Roland
the other one
blowing his horn
bursts an artery
at Roncevaux Pass*

and the new one

*son
of the ever loving ever
pregnant earth
forges
with the fire of the sky
without an anvil
like Durandal and Joyeuse*

feathers

wax

*a marvelous revenge
on Dedalus and on the
child
daubed with the honey from
the hives of Minos*

GULF OF NAPOULE

SANGUINAIRE ISLES

*C
O
R
S
I
C
A*

Marseilles to Messina
5 days
Pulman car runs off the
rails
the tattooings on the enemy
chief's body
a negro churns kuss-kuss

Marseilles to Malta
37 hours
the monkey murders the
ship-boy
on board the felucca
"L'Amour"
in a bowl of smooth bark
goyabas mangoes
earrings a comb a
coral
pin

Tunis to Leghorn
2 days ½

SARDINIA

we will never go to San
Domingo
and the dangerous hallu-
cinations
continue

on a Sunday
here are heavy platoons of
angels
barekneed
rugby at Parc des Princes

*they fly off
in all directions*

*and this livid fugitive pur-
sued carries away
towards the goal
like a Pompei treasure
the oval ball*

a football assumption

*then would this monster
arrive Gabriel*

*he swoops down
just
in the midst of the bush
of motions*

*sweat
locks
grass
blood
mud*

*the raptured grimaces
of thirty neophyte brutes*

*horrid uproar from the
stand*

*with his blazing propeller
he mows off the superb
heads*

*rumour of crickets at dusk
sea shells
boiling water
a paludean angelus in the
ears*

*thus raves in Madagascar
the settler in his cabin
he dreams
he is flying on his bed
mottled with cold sweat
in a sabbath of quinine and
mosquitos*

*the pilot clings
to the actuality of his ex-
ploit
for the earth tries on its
wiles
sends up to him
all the stupefactive of
dream*

*deep slumber takes hold of
pilots
in the Greenlands where
God begins*

September 23d 1913

*Tunis aerodrome
a grave crowd Arab and
French warned
by wireless swarms Islam
heat
negro boys in the trees the
honey-fritter
seller a severe police ser-
vice
reporters photographers
six thousand people
their faces turned westward
await
ready for enthusiasm
around empty lists
the splendid annunciation*

*the youth who has crossed
the sea*

*three torpedo boats
squashed in their slabber*

NOON

the sun falls straight down

*the bird
meeting its shadow
softly alighted on it
at Bizerte*

and a husbandman ran up

and the leaden angel said

*like a recaptured convict
a negro thrown down by a
revolver shot
at Guadeloupe
a general
compelled to surrender
an old tramp on the road
between two policemen*

*one besieged without sup-
plies*

*an aristocrat under the
Reign of Terror
recognized at a relay stage*

*a soldier spy
discovered
suddenly
in the enemy lines
after doubts
he said to the man
of the earth:*

come
he said: I am thirsty
the full gourd
the heavy gourd
he said: I am ready to fol-
low you
he spoke the noble words
of a king
when the mob
proceeds to arrest him
with a look of shy threaten-
ing

heavy deaf heavy
head

*the prodigal son
against his happy mother
and his wife*

the heavy arms
the heavy legs

the other son who remained
 envies
 the fatted calf
 on the blazing fire

*the heavy uneasiness of re-
turns*

his heavy
numb
heavy hands

the natal thing
firm
naked
round
at last rejoined
kisses the dustless foamless
feet
of the dear traveller re-
turned
and keeps his heavy foot-
prints

*the heavy curved heavy
wings
of the little heavy ark*

*Hail full of grace

the palm trees*

*the vineyards

the bougainvilles*

the eucalyptuses

the aloes

O holy mother

*the leaden angel
the pregnant virgin*

*and unmasking
far from the public of
Tunis*

*his human face burnt
by the thunderbolts of the
sun
in the torture of the lenses
of the sea*

*he said: I am ready to fol-
low you*

*and he wept in his heavy
hands*

*then
they followed the road
that leads to towns*



JEAN COCTEAU

Translated by JEAN HUGO

ASHE OF RINGS

Part I

Chapter IV

“WHICH is it—which is it?”
“It’s a girl, Mrs. Ashe, now don’t excite yourself.”
“A beautiful little maid. Her head be covered with red, and she do kick and squeal.”
“I didn’t want it to be a girl—let me go to sleep.”

The red baby slept in the Italian cradle.—The cycle of existence ran round again. Flat on the ebony hood the young Apollo, the young Artemis raced their ivory bodies round the Delian palm.

Anthony Ashe came into the nursery whistling.

Vera Butler counted napkins, soft linen squares in dozens reflected on the table.

“You are not sorry, Anthony, that it is a girl?”

“I had a son and I lost him. That will do?”

“—Ten dozen. I’m glad you feel like that. I’m afraid my sister expected you to want a boy.”

“Melitta will get to know me better in time.”

“You will be patient, Anthony?”

“There is a kind of patience less bearable than indignation.”

“Oh well, a sharp tongue like yours needs watching. But now this little darling has come—”

“Was it a difficult birth?”

“Perhaps worse than we expected—her resistance.”

“Her courage you mean.”

“Don’t say that. She is now sleeping quietly.”

“I hope we shall see you often at Rings.”

“You may be sure.”

“I set great store by her education.”

“I’m very glad to hear you say that.”

“You must help us.”

"I will."

"Lunch is on the table. Shall we go down."

The waxed Madonna nurse from London stood at the cradle's foot. At the head the tanned peasant whose was the hereditary honour.

"Well, my little lady."

"I tell you, he's glad it's a girl."

"He lost his first son, did he not?"

"That's an old long story. But I'll tell you one thing—nobody ain't going to give her much change."

"Mrs. Ashe?"

"Clavel, he's from the north, he do call her the wreckling of Rings."

"What is a wreckling?"

"Out of a litter of pigs the one that do die."

"She was terribly frightened. It's queer way these ladies are brought up.—Didn't know whether the child was coming out top or bottom."

"I was sorry for her. She seemed to have nothing to fall back on."

"What should she have? Greedy she was to be mistress of Rings. Let it make her sick I say."

"Is Mr. Ashe kind to her?"

"He could melt a peach stone, maybe he's no teeth to chew an acorn."

"Well—I expect there's her side to it if we only knew."

The two women left the nursery.

The red baby moved and then lay dark eyes open, gathering life in pure form without constituent of pleasure or pain. Before the beginning, past the end. A fist stirred and a foot imperceptibly it took possession.

* * * *

"Anthony, I've been staring at it all the afternoon? What is the green hump on the lawn?"

"There was a tower there once. You can see stone sticking out of the turf."

"Is that a bush growing on it. It seems a pity that it should break the green sweep to the sea."

"My dear, once one starts disturbing old things one raises more dust than one casts away. I know what you mean. You would like one opposite to match two grey nipples on a green breast?"

"Why not finish it off with a rustic seat?"

"No."

"You'd better tell me about it."

"Why do you want suddenly to know all about the place?"

"Isn't it better to know than to go on imagining?"

"Look it up in the Book of Ashe."

"I'm no good at books.—Please Anthony, I can't be left to find out. I'm afraid not to know. I have tried to be a good wife. Tell me. Tell me. I'm afraid not to know."

"Stop distressing yourself."

"Why is there a bush on the mound?"

"Well observed. Eat another." Sticky, milky teeth shewed in a smile. He drew the curtains embroidered with the birds and apples of paradise, and lit the seven branched candlestick at the foot of the bed.

"The bush is the stump of a thorn. When there was a tower, the parent tree grew beside it under the wall. There was one of us who was hated. They came and found him there. They took him and made him wear a crown of thorns."

"Yes."

"There they crucified him—or rather they nailed him onto the wall. He died looking on the sea. He was a long time dying. It is because of that and not because of Charles II that the remark is a family joke."

"How can you joke about it?"

"Because we are like that."

"When did it happen?"

"Once upon a time."

"I don't believe it."

"It is in the Book of Rings."

"Do you want me to learn Latin and Black Letter."

"Melitta, that book is worth it."

"I was never much good at lessons. We were so badly taught. Won't you translate the interesting bits."

"I will teach you both sorts of Latin, and courthand. Then you can do it for yourself."

"There are late bits, your own and your grandfather's."

"Since the decline of our latinity. You can manage them."

"Anthony, what is it all about?"

"Go on."

"What is this place about? What has the house to do with the Rings and—"

"In what relation do I stand to both? We are a priestley house, like the Eumolpidae."

"You know I know nothing about your classics."

"I'm sorry, but what I've said is the answer. If you really want to know more you will find out for yourself."

"Anthony, you pretend that there are ways of looking at things which have nothing to do with Christianity."

"Little Melitta, Christianity is a way, a set of symbols in part to explain, and to make men endure the unutterable pain that is the world. There are other sets, like chessmen. But only one game."

"Do you believe in the heathen Gods?"

"Yes."

"And not that Christ died for us."

"Yes."

The curtains bellied, the tongues of the fire darted out. Metilla sat up and drew a strip of ermine across her breasts.

"Is the window shut?"

"Yes."

"Tell me more about the man they killed at the tower. Is his portrait downstairs?"

"He was too early."

"Right back in the middle-ages?"

"Yes. In the book there is a miniature of him. There he is a saint, and the tower is a tree."

"A stiff thing all angles and thick gold."

"Do you demand realism?"

"No, but please make him a person?"

"He was Florian Ashe. He lived in Henry VI reign. He made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. We remember him young, brave, pitiful and a great wit. His wife disliked him. One day her people from Poxwell came and nailed him to the tower."

"How irreverent. Did they—did they—make it quite like the crucifixion?"

"Yes," he said. *You have nailed me up here like a kite for an example to all birds of my kind. And they said—We want to make an end of you and your kind with your jests and compassions. And he said—You have forced on me the likeness of our Saviour—I am going to forgive you all.* Then he fixed his eyes on the sea and refused to speak."

"Did he say anything else?"

"Just before he died he strained about and said *I cannot see the Rings.* A shepherd threw a flint at him and killed him."

"You make me as though I saw it in a glass."

"But not darkly? That's good. We are a united family. He is our young brother. We have never got over his dying like that."

"I'm sure he went to heaven."

"Souls like his should create heaven. But he left a question behind him no one has answered. It is asked again in some Russian books you should read . . . But at the foot of that tower I tell you, every Ashe will weep."

"There is a new Ashe now Anthony, even though it's a girl."

"Silly one, must I explain again that I am glad of it."

"What are we to christen her?"

"She should be Melitta, but you do not really like that name. A red brat. Let's call her Elizabeth. It is one of our names also."

"Yes. I like Elizabeth."

"Add anything you like."

"My mother's name was Cicely."

"It doesn't go with the rest."

"All right. What is yours?"

"Vanna. After Monna Vanna an Italian lady I admire—Vanna Elizabeth Ashe."

Chapter V

"That is how we christen them at Rings."

"But Anthony?"

"You can have it done again, in a church—in Ursula's chapel—by a parson if you like. That's your affair. But ours, I tell you, is the one that lasts."

* * * *

They were in the walled garden, a square produced from the library wall, emerald grass pegged with yews, and transfixed by a stone well. There he had caught Melitta playing Narcissus to the star-filled water. In her black reflection was no pleasure. In one corner stood Rings Root filling an angle. A path of slimed pebbles ran round the walls.—In the outer wall a door opened on the terrace and there flowed the great space to the sea.

"Toreador

Toreador

For thee love waits!"

She looked after him. He opened the terrace door. Through its square there rushed into her dim heat a breeze and a blaze of light. The grey suit fluttered. Round the well grew bushes of lad's love. She arranged the train of her dress. What a setting! A flock of fantails hummed over the rich sky and clung crooning to the tower. In profile, in the light square, his white Imperial was black. So long as there were no more babies.

The red child slept against its nurse. In the library on a slab of blue marble stood a winnow-corb of wicker, black with age. Tied on it by wool-threads were dried ears of corn, figs and fircones, dolls cups and cylinders of baked clay.

Anthony Ashe shook down into the basket a bed of tiny coloured feathers.

"Melitta, Queen Bee," he whispered.

The servants of Ashe stood round, acquiescent, friendly. The nurse unwound the child and laid her naked in the basket.

"Now." Anthony lit a tall candle and placed it at the baby's

head. Melitta on the right laid an alabaster vase of fresh earth, and a bowl of water on the left.

"Earth and water and fire," he said.

"They are all round her."

"Breathe on her then with your maternal breath." Her eyes brimmed. She kissed her baby. Father and mother stood back. It opened its eyes, and an uncertain hand grabbed the feathers.

"Vanna Elizabeth, daughter of Melitta, bird of Rings! The elements composed you, the elements surround you, so may their harmonious properties sustain you."

Melitta, bold with feeling, cried after him—"In the Name of the Father, of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

"In the Name of Florian and Ursula. Pity and Wisdom—Amen."



An hour too soon she dressed for dinner. Betty was not to be played with. The lit candles at her evening milk she made her remedy. It was not a string of topaz her mother would wear that night, but a string of diamonds.

It was all right. Everything was all right—She had not got over having the baby. Nothing in the bargain could be worse than that. It was her baby. She did it. There is a God—That christening might be blasphemy. There was her duty to Anthony. She was learning to manage Anthony.

God had been good. He always is if we are only patient. There was Rings. To-night at the table head. A young madonna—Friday night. Fried fish and raspberries—Cream for a treat. Ought she to have fed Betty? She was thriving. Had anything been said? Horrid, but people did it now. That christening couldn't count. It ought to be done again—Such a pretty idea. But what did it mean? Sir Frederick Leighton. *Wedded*. Oh his horrid clear contemptuous mind. He's given mine up. Thank goodness.

Bite on that greasy old basket? Queer things put away in the gallery that ran out of the tower to the locked rooms. It meant something. Find it out for yourself. Tell you and let you forget. She wasn't going to be bullied—Men do not want women

to understand. Look at old Ver' pretending to be a blue-stock-
ing. What good would it do the baby?

The house was different. One would have to understand
periods. She had always had taste. Old stories at dinner. Al-
ways a success. *Uneasy lies the head*—I don't care I'd sooner
wear it than a cap. I shall be a young woman when he dies.

* * * *

"Mrs. and Miss Butler, ma'am."

"I can't see them. Tell them it's impossible. I'll come down.
Where are my rings?"

She made along the corridor to the head of the stairs, head
forward, bottom to balance, train over arm, a charging cockerel.

From the door of his dressing room Anthony saw her pass.
He had brought her to this house.—Well, she was not so in-
sensible as at first. He was surprised at the remodelled body,
uneasy at the sharpened wits. She had bred quickly, but the red
baby ignored her with Clavel the new butler, and the nurse, and
the horse Aldebaran, and the rhythms of the house. The pearls
he had bought her in Paris were china beads on the milky skin.
Only her gowns obeyed her.

He had called it eugenic impatience. It had but masked his
slackness. In his last woman he should have sought a living
peace, and he had established beside in him this cretinous greed.
A greed not cretinous for its own ends. Its proper ends . . . He
had heard her cry for her rings. God! it was complicated.

"My last duchess?" He followed her to the stairs, saw her
prance down and cross the hall at a run.

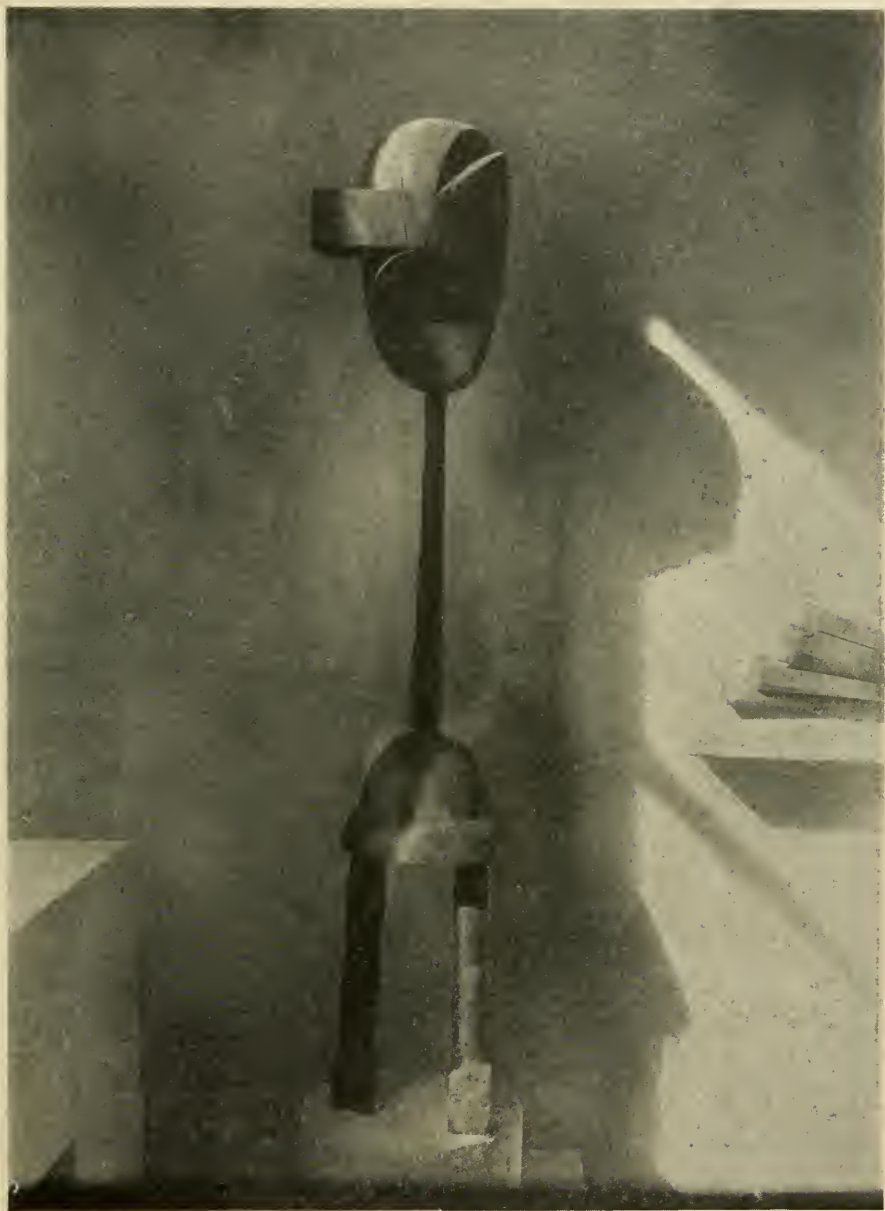
"In the library, ma'am." Clavel forestalling. Here were
servants equal to anything, whom it was impossible to impress.
Anthony treated everyone alike. She did not want Clavel to
see her people. They were plain ladies. Her dress a sufficient
indication? Not to Elizabeth.

"My darling—how is your Betty? Your note of yesterday
said she had a cold. One cannot be too careful, even in summer."

"Betty? she is very well." The man's intonation. Vera recog-
nized it.









"As we were going for a drive this afternoon I thought we would call here and ask. Vera cannot endure—"

"I am glad I can reassure you. Would you like to see her before you go—We have several people dining to-night."

"May mother have a cup of tea?"

"Won't you help yourselves?" The Bristol set. Was Clavel received?

A footman with more sandwiches.

"If you don't mind, I will run up and see her?"

"Shall I tell the Coachman to put up 'ma'am?"

Vera had gone. "I am afraid the stables will be very full to-night. It is rather late, Mother."

Anthony came in.

"I thought Vera was here."

"She has gone up to see Betty."

"Will you join her with me? I must show her off before she sleeps. I have told your coachman to put up."

"Oh, my dear Anthony, we must go."

"Why? Stay and dine. We have people coming. Can't you see Melitta's war paint? She can lend you things?"

"We must go home."

"This day week then—I will send over early for Vera." He turned to the door.

"Please, Mother, do come. So long as you let me know before. Now let Anthony go to the nursery with them if he liked."

* * * *

His face hung in the mirror from over the back of her chair. An earring fell like a star.

"Since when have you thought it unlikely that I should welcome your mother and your sister to Rings?"

"It wasn't that. It is so inconvenient of them to turn up when we are busy. They felt out of it themselves. They would not have liked to have stayed."

"I did not know that you were occupied with cooking dinner."

"No. I've had enough of that on the cook's evening out." He laughed. He laughed.

"You wicked intolerable child. If you were anything but a school-girl, an inquisition could not punish you. However. No diamonds to-night. Off with them! Not an ornament. No one shall say that Mrs. Ashe has become so proud as her station.—Quick! If you cry, you shan't appear at all."

"Ver'—Ver.' Vera has been telling you—nonsense. I minded, I minded because she is jealous of me."

"That may or may not be true. But you'd like her to be. More powder on your shoulders. Now come down . . . You're smiling. That's better. There's a brave girl . . . Why are you smiling like that?"

"You have remembered that when I am dead you will be a young woman able to have a young man like my dead son. Have you just remembered? No protests. You should never have forgotten it. Let us wait in the library . . . There is only one thing, girl—when your beauty has waxed from rose to peony, there will be Vanna coming up immaculate to take your place."

So they lived for five years.

MARY BUTTS.

MR. VORAX

HE blinked heavily, pink American in the presence of thought, he blinked heavily, and Mr. Vorax continued: "There is no evidence of monotheism. Morality has become largely economic. We are poisoned by a basis of taboos in which no one any longer believes. The American is essentially frivolous, solemnity is the worst of its forms. Property can stay where it is, credit is its active emanation, credit belongs to all; financiers govern and should be responsible for the way in which. You are too lazy to read, and you expect me to turn into an ambulating Chataqua."

U L Y S S E S

by

J A M E S J O Y C E

will be published in
the Autumn of 1921

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THEE I CALL "HAMLET OF WEDDING RING"

Criticism of William Carlos William's "Kora in Hell" and why...

In two parts

Part II

PUT woman into book because cannot put her with good conscience—grace—right touch—any more into bed!

W. C.—if you think *that* helped conscience—grace—improved touch—simply: are Hottentot—Orang-outang—Chimpanzee—concerning art!

If are as unskilled—disgusting—clumsy—tactless—sentimental—liarly lover as are author — — Who not can do one thing—not can do other! not meaning—that—who *can* do one thing—can do other.

But—tradition!

Right touch of respect—distance worship—idolatry—in passionate intimacy.

That—artist must have

that—lover must have—

no muddle.

Do not hope—expect: *because can not do one thing—can do other!*

Contrary.

Woman—art—no home for debility—nurse for impotence—trench for coward.

Art: woman—

Woman noble—innermost—forever!

Husband or artist—W. C.

Art no infirmary for emotion-starved—passion-crippled—soulinjured males—females—

Timeworn mistake of unmated spinsters—since conversion's folly—own anemia hinders physical development—ultimate bliss—upon that founds balance of soul—now becoming mistake of mismatched man in *America*— ?

Indeed!

Because: passions not fed in wedlock—nor other locks—because do not dare give—taken—clean—aboveboard—sincerely—passionately—because do not know which way turn—heritage of coward : inaction—indecision—rest figety culmination of lack—bone—wobbly jellymass—

We—who know—sacrifice—love—perform—are called upon to take this crumbling freak's ravings —wailings—disappointments—forced drunkenness—of forced joys—lies—for art?

More!

because cannot reach—touch art—lacking intensity—endeavor—art disdainful avoiding vulgarian —proclaims not to respect art!!!

We know that!

"Kora in Hell"—one sacrilege!

What then is he doing in arena?

Why tights—spangles—balls?

Agh! simple : proclamation—lie—crooked! life of a coward *must* be so—by necessity—hence all acts—words.

Does not he flirt with art—juggle balls—try to become intimate—pinch perchance—pounce upon —rape?

Ah! art is princess!

Stay home—ape of art—sex—with kitchenmaids.

Jews—unsettled since aye—never founded—rooted again (were they ever?) parasites upon soil foreign—civilizations—cultures—trying to save own tradition within family—ghetto—impossibility that only can breed stagnation backwardmovement—*did*.

Antipode: utter abandon to void—impiety—absence of ideals! simultaneous strangled handicapped by atavism in blood—that not can be vanguished unless with new weapon.

Jew has *none*—no hopes—convictions—*new ideals*.

Modern unorthodox jew—*whatever mixture*—is bred to void—emptiness—barren nothingness. By necessity consequence soul curdles into disgust—sophistication—disrespect : *absent selfrespect—through last foothold*—flippantly replaced by shallow shameless ignorant conceit—haunted by ghosts—*dead ghosts!*

Sarcasm: fatigue dry bread of poor—

no strength—resiliency—

forever pariah of races—by will of power—that in last intent to us is veiled—behind life—where we are not.

American—jew of future:

offspring of races uprooted—tradition—foothold lost—trying to root—thrive upon what is no mother—by force stepmother—that not conceived—bore—not loves—changeling—ever.

With audacity of perfect emptiness of purpose—impiety—only lost soul in void—jew—American possesses—with mere selfish desires—unearned by merit—intensity—worship—to drag self into *that state* of consciousness lost—where pitiful little rag of shame drops—that everybody wears keeping him from becoming noisy in public—unless idiot—drunkard—bully—in conceit—haunting ragbanner of vulgar shamelessness—supposed to be brilliant flag of courageous freedom—American mistake—mismatched happily to *peculiar distinct jewish tactlessness*—lost balance—result of lost ideals—individual : graceless—ejected from grace—blatant illbred scrawles upon rag-flag—these—in literature so unique—phrases: *"I write what I damn please—how I damn please—when I damn please."*

Equipped—clanking clumsy noisy—with rag-tin-scrap armor of past—present—plume of refreshing frankness of unconcern about anything not business (not hollered lowly) yanking in lever of business

auto from crusader—helmet cocked at angle of daredevil romance towards land of adventure after business-hours —

yoked by neurasthenia
poisoned by "loved ones"
pestered by sex

W. C. attacks art—
when has time.

W. C. does not care about words—his words never mean anything to him—*acknowledged.*

Is it surprising—*device* mere flippancy?

Defiance—tarping wit of boisterous dockhand—*is it not?*

Spoke I already about flippancy—but—alas—! how void of grace this flippancy!

W. C. does not write *what* damn pleases—cannot! W. C. does not write *how* damn pleases—*does not know how!* W. C. does not write *when* damn pleases—unless inspiration lives in alarmclocks—thrives upon cold storage.

Has to heal people—keep consultation hours—in general—particular—concentrate brainpores chiefly around other people's affairs—including family—expense—income.

Why does W. C. pursue words—*not lover of words?* obviously pursues—*does he not?*

Agh! Never means what says! so charming—when one is all mixed up—has nothing to say—all to hide.

Enigma simple—does not mean that either : belongs to that breed of impudent bashful shame-faced amateurs that cuddle agreeable supporting comforting warmbottle—cherished against chill of mediocrity in booms folds secrecy—about *gift* so tremendous—take time—rule—paper—pen—soft pillow—off into lolling ecstasy of conceit sunfishing—cold storage emotion—trained to alarm clock of common sense—tri-ri-ri-ri-ri-ri-ri-ri-ri-art oozes—gushes out of cautionlifted tap—champagne!

Not!

Champagne—champagne—from seed of grape—before that seed never doing anything but turning champagne.

W. C.'s beverage sour-apple-cider plus artificial bubble—chemical spunk!

Cheating chemist—trying to get paid high for punk—from simple untrained public—windbags blown with hysterical education.

That how W. C. flimflams. When words mean nothing to him how does he expect them to mean anything—anything—to anybody?

Not expecting that—*his attitude* (lie—bravefaced—into face black of printersink—)why does he sit him down into their bashful company prodigious fashion?

Still if that please any part of his personal anatomy—

"Pleasure his!"—*not ours.*

Do we wish anybody to flip flippant—ignorant—indiscret—illmannered—disrespectful—unrestrained—ignoble—vile words on us?

street urchin—feeling that way—never having had nursery teaching—selfrespect—poise—dignity of manner—restraint of action—to save energy for enterprise noble—material to master—not waster—In hand of waster so many rocks.

Art: sweet carpet of life. W. C. enjoys to soil—spit upon sweet carpet of life—

not his—not possessing price.

We—who trip—dance—sit—loll—play upon—do not wish illmannered incensed onlooker lout to soil our banquet hall's ornament.

This man hates himself for mediocrity—incapability to intense endeavor—dimly feels pariahdom—from feast outcast—runs amuck.

Brutality child of denseness—inability to feel—think clean—vulgar blood-fogged brain—despair of helplessness to escape blindness of junglevines of thought tangled—of waste—seared—barren—infertile—violent action—noise—clamer : American lynchings.

Did not he lynch Art?

Pityful!

Pityful things unclean.

Between life and death.

Things must be proud—capable of being made proud—possess—acquire resiliency of power to carry responsibility of existence—*noble or annihilated.*

This man ill with himself: cowardice—life barren—buys imitation ornament with price of poverty—sneeringly blaming life for cheapness—not *price*— : faulty organism—*crooked legs*—wheels askew—ramshackle machine.

Such not fit in public!

Degradation—menace— : causing sick intestines.

Seek outlet *away* from art—arena—world!

Stick to family—run amuck in business—hein?—life is that—dangerous—you waif thought art safe.

No concern of ours!

beat wife—

crv into mamma's lap—

kill patients —

be electrocuted — — — — —

not tell us about adventures in boon companionship!

that impossible confidential neighborfashion of middleclass man—who—mildly soused—for lack of class loses timid composure (so absolutely necessary!)—shouting about faded tarnished wedding-bliss—*how both try to shine it up!*

Fancy!

This advanced (callous) bourgeoispeople with careful feeble hysterical attempt to make skeleton voluptuous!

Household furniture : chasing memories of birchtrees in spring!

Clothespins—mournful—sentimental—indecent—gay—stradling washline—frenziedly clamping damp bedsheet—remembering nightingale honeysuckle dance—moaning to each other : frontparlor victrola must do.

I always now have to imagine that—

W. C.'s "danse macabre"—flesh virile—

Fancy!

Knowledge—character—develop together—depend on each other—each in other.
 Organism in profundity constructed sound carries seeds of quality.
 Bird flies with two wings that is one wing.
 Education—treasure—wealth—needs preparation—slow gradual advancement. Character foundation—pillar arises—to carry light dome—cupola wisdom—root—stem—flower.
 Heaviest weight—giant balances graceful easy—pigmy twists crumbles into splinters.
 Travel of mind how to arrive at own architecture.
 To pilfer—borrow—transplant—: inner void barrenness.
 Transplant cathedral—grown oak—vain toys—wither.
 Splendor grafted sudden on unprepared—by generation degree not refined organism—ready for that much at that period—disturbs harmony of cells—balance of structure—instead movement to refinement step to crippledom—cancer—ruin.
 Trees—plants : growth—happiness.
 instead expansion—freedom—happiness : warp—burden disorder—hate—restricted vitals : hate.

Education thrown sudden on coarsefibre mind—mere trash! weeds of too high disgrace in soil unprepared—infertile acre barren—disturbed—troubled with husks—possession unjustified—never unfolding flower of knowledge.

Treasure turns tin in shack of paper! jadeworsted sheep needs treasure in echoing whispering banquet-hall of knightly castle smiling—frowning—with sky—clouds—through ages—aloft.

Education of W. C. trash.

Grafted—thrown into mind sudden—unprepared—unmeited—out of culture.

All America.

Sudden possession of leisure through sudden prosperity hastens ruin.

Gazes into chasm of knowledge—void—frightened—dizzy—lacking architecture.

Unable to serenely—trusting—knowingly : gaze into depths hallowed—shifts gaze slantwise—shallow—denies depths for own shallowness—imperative command else ramble—capsize—being flat thin structure in illogical conceit that carries punishment as logic ever will punish illogic—to wrong place—world's edge—where swirls draft from sablewings of eagle circling—

—bird gigantesque—God.

From rock walls of chasm at world's edge hewn—treasure vascillating in accord with dance—circle—flight of bird—castle—erect—deep—high—founded—smiles—frowns—stands.

Perpetual fear—defiance—lie—by necessity warps structure flimsy—cheaply bedazzled—shabby—before collapse into lath dust:

Sophistication—callowness: narcotics to smother acid burns of cancer—despair of structure. Gayless—tortured—diabolical—flippant—sneers void in W. C.'s particular case pathetically infantile—there are clever devils—beautiful in ruin—castles ruined in culture—:

Beaudelaire:

Organism condemned— : unfinished flimsy—ageworn—

That hell!

Hell is in life:

Corpse outseeks corpse—dancing partners equal.

Touch of life's body corpses most frenzied dread! *not life fears touch corpse: Life fears nothing—omnipotent.*

Life can give life to corpse—

not be in death—nor life—wearing mask of life in dread purgatory *Impostors* bad conscience—satan shame nursing decay—*hate dance of living corpse.*

Trepidation—shame—fear—disguised as defiance—yelled in swagger—ice orbbed spleen—makes corpses hate grow—delivers to death untimely—unsought.

To touch life—break—dissemble—assemble anew immediate—in glory earned passion dance of molecules—life—Shiva corpse flees *doubting resiliency—*
that doubt condemns to death in life—to be neither.

In death life—

not death in life.

Perpetual shame no creature endures without hate—splendor points contrast.

Callousness from shame keeps out grief—honesty of surrender—healing emotion wave of utter despair followed instantly by kiss—face earthward—before chasm—in abandon of passionate humbleness—adore—let God take—

oblivious to distortion—ugliness—in ecstasy of mother self—of giving—stabbed by *God's* beauty.

Moment creative:

Distortion ugliness vanishes not believed in.

Are in mind—drug shapes—nightmares of somnolence of callousness.

Dreams of corpses—unreal—

not in life—hate : life love.

"Art may be the supreme hypocrisy of an information cultured(?) people—without contact—justifiable perhaps—(*that would not be!*) if it becomes at last actually the way sensitive people live" (*How?*)

But : and *how* "information cultured"—maybe your topdrawer—dome cerebration? do you already live justifiable—in *sensitiveness*—art-soaked sponge?

Art no mechanical toy! is life as life *purposeful machine!* palpitating brain.

Hypocrisy stored up ages!

Rembrandt hypocrite—Shakespeare—Goethe!

O give me hypocrite who live—act—with sense behind passionate blood—who *believe—do!* deluge of wrath pour upon those jabbering uncreative joyless sincere nobodys that write, potter, live, are uninteresting for force of honesty! Sure! can't help it!

Jackassy—nincompoop—cocky—bastard soul—can *hypocrisy inform—ever?* is hypocrisy quality—negates—creates?

Hypocrisy—void—hypocrisy not virile—cannot live.

Nothing ever is—has been *supreme* about hypocrisy!

Pyramids hypocrisy?

Agh—pah! Carlos Williams—you wobbly-legged business satchel-carrying little louse!

You do make me laugh healthy belly laugh:
 Tortured child—that is obliged in soul's estimate for that expensive education's sake to exhibit
 "intellect"! wrestle with dolls—lifesized of most complex mechanism!
Cannot! they crush you! square chest—spit blood—cause consumption!
 Give it up—not your calling—mind muscles flabby—unprepared of simple parentage.
 With rag dolls toy gradually improving to moderately priced pets leave mechanisms intricate for
 selected children of nobility in toyland.
 Art to you hypocrisy—for is your hypocrisy!
Entirely out of balance you!
Does art affect thus?
 Art: intoxication—saneness.
 Result: *balance*.
 Not must leave bad memory—*carry such!*
 Feeling of something exquisite—extraordinary—great—joyful—to be cherished—to be proud of—
 carry into age—no matter what happened—no matter what subject—will linger—must! *or individual*
unfit to indulge!
 Art—strength—joy conveys joy— *to strong*.
 Gentleman in Europe carries intoxication as *gentleman!*—never loses balance—in deepest abandon
 of gayety—numbed senses—subconsciously breeding tells how far to go—when to retire.
 Abstinence: lack of confidence in breeding—training :—debility.
 In Europe to see man drunk quickest way to decide caste: plebeian—bourgeois—gentleman.
 We—ah! do not need prohibition—possessing! tradition—selection—*pride*.
 Thus carries artist intoxication of feeling—expresses in sound color shape (words) *as artist*.
 Never losing balance—in deepest abandon—highest excitement—breeding of artist in blood—
 subconsciously tells how far to go—we becoming sober to criticise in cold blood.
 Retires when becomes inexpressive—inarticulate—
 silence—
 death.

ELSE VON FREYTAG-LORINGHOVEN

THE POEMS OF ABEL SANDERS

To Bill Williams and Else von Johann Wolfgang Loringhoven y Fulano

CODSWAY bugwash
 Bill's way backwash
 FreytagElse $\frac{3}{4}$ arf an'arf
 Billy Sunday one harf Kaiser Bill one harf
 Elseharf Suntag, Billsharf Freitag
 Brot wit thranen, con plaisir ou con patate pomodoro
 Bill dago resisting U.SAgo, Else ditto on the verb
 basis yunker, plus Kaiser Bill reading to goddarnd stupid wife anbrats works
 of simple
 domestic piety in Bleibtreu coner of Hockhoff'sbesitzendecke
 before the bottom fell out. Plus a little boiled Neitzsch
 on the sabath. Potsdam, potsdorf potz gek und keine ende.
 Bad case, bad as fake southern gentlemen tells you
 everymorn that he is gentleman, and that he is not black.
 Chinesemandarinorlaundryman takes forgranted youwillsee he is
 not BookerTWashington.

: : : : :

Poem No. 2.

Able Abel

Mounts dernier bateau :
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dada
 deada
 what is deader
 than dada

THOMAS VAUGHAN

IF it is not imposing too much upon the patience of your readers, could you find room for a brief answer to Miss Burt, *in re* Thomas Vaughan?

I agree with her most heartily in condemning the common tendency to turn Mysticism into Mystery. But of what use is our condemnation, when the best as well as the worst employ it? Ezekiel, John, the Alchemists, Blake, and many others, have all been excessively secret. Even such things as Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," Kingsley's "Water Babies," and George Mac Donald's "Phantastes," "At the Back of the North Wind," and "Lilith," are beautiful symbols concealing peculiar doctrines. Whether this tendency comes from some inexplicable twist of the mystical brain, whether it is the desire to seem important, whether it is the inability to express the ineffable otherwise, or whether it is the desire to conceal spiritual pearls from human swine, I cannot say; but the testimony seems to confirm the latter. Blake's letters to Trusler are interesting reading on this point.

But Thomas Vaughan falls under another category. When Friar Bacon discovered gunpowder, he wisely concealed the formula in an anagram; and I doubt that the world has profited much by deciphering it. Thomas Vaughan was also an experimenter in dangerous secrets, though of another sort; secrets whose danger is recognized by modern science; secrets which eventually caused his death. These secrets were, rightly or wrongly, confused in his mind with the mysteries of Initiation; which were also prudent to conceal in those days of religious warfare. Martyrdom is a crown, but valuable only as propaganda when the whole truth is known.

Being human, Thomas Vaughan preferred to continue his experiments in peace. He desired to leave records for those wise enough to avoid the dangers involved. What value these records have cannot be judged until his results are verified. The work must be done over; but at least, he indicates where the secrets lie.

F. FOSTER DAMON

Newton, Mass.

ART CIRCUS

AS *jh* so admiringly says, isn't it *wonderfull* to have an organ like the Dial for refreshing the memory?

In November 1918 "The Starry Sky" by Wyndham Lewis was reproduced in the Little Review; reappeared in the August Dial. Zadkin's "Holy Family" in December 1918 Little Review now in current issue of Dial. What is it—a merry-go-round?

"ULYSSES"

BEFORE we could revive from our trial for Joyce's "Ulysses" it was announced for publication in book form. We limp from the field.

—*jh*.

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address: 27 west eighth street, new york
english office: egoist publishing co., 23 adelphi
terrace house, robert street, london w. c. 2.

Entered as second class matter october 28, 1921, at the post office at new
york, n. y., under the act of march 3, 1879.

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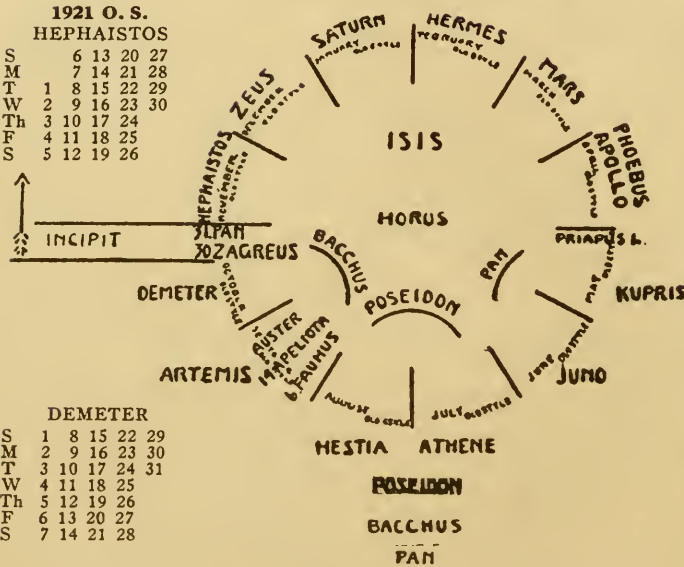
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1921-1922 Old Style

1921 O. S.

HEPHAISTOS

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MARS

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PHOEBUS

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KUPRIS

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ARTEMIS

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THE LITTLE REVIEW CALENDAR

JUNO

S	4 11 18 25
M	5 12 19 26
T	6 13 20 27
W	7 14 21 28
Th	1 8 15 22 29
F	2 9 16 23 30
S	3 10 17 24

ORGUE DE BARBARIE—

L E rire de la luzerne boit mon rire
avec innocence, comme un autre
et les ombres fontaines
en bleu, rouge, vert,
reflètent les verres de couleur
qui ornent mon coeur.

*Être gais ensemble, comme de l'eau,
forme un rêve ambitieux et stupide
je viens de voir une beauté différente,
un feuilleton substantiel
où l'on grimpe les après-midi
lentement, comme un homme
écorché au doigt.*

*Figure toi un homme embêté
de l'amélioration des routes,
de la victoire de la Marne,
et qui n'aimerait que les plafonds
du Palais des Doges!
un artiste trépignant,
un artiste usé par son poids
grand et maigre.*

*Chaque jour ressemble à l'autre,
chaque jour est un petit balcon,
chaque jour est un petit plumeau
—ou un ours blanc,
plus ou moins commode à lire;
crème fouettée
dans les nuages du monde civilisé,
je suis gaiement poète, Don Quichotte
des applaudissements.*

*Je regarde le ciel,
le ciel ressemble aux cimetières
j'aimerais un cimetière
sur un bateau,
les croix seraient des voiles
et le gouvernail placé devant,
ressemblerait à une momie égyptienne.*

*Je voudrais avoir un nouvel ami
pour dire des choses incompréhensibles
mon cerveau est si grand
et le monde si petit!*

*Les clair-de-lune gaiement mélancoliques,
voltigent autour de l'enthousiasme
des peuples;
c'est le mirage agréable,
le soleil culotte la peau,
la lune le coeur.*

*Je suis arrivé à la croyance
qu'une belle gueule
brille
comme une m. . . .
nourrie à une bonne table.*

*Les bandits ont le goût des omnibus,
Narcisse aimait le cidre,
moi, j'aime le bois de Boulogne.
Les livres que nous aimons le plus
sont ceux qu'on ne lit pas
Sangsues, ventouses,
je vous souhaite tout ce que vous voudrez,
un épouvantable chagrin
et, tout cela, au son des orgues de Barbarie.*

FRANCIS PICABIA

VACATION IN BRITANY

KING OR KANGAROO KING OR YELLOW.
KING OR MARIE CLAIRE SUGGESTS A
MEADOW. AND THE USE OF THOUGHT

BY THE SEA

BY the sea inland smell the goose, by the figs George
buy the figs. By the crown, Sylvester has the crown
and glory constant glory. And in the midst of the
speed in the rising of the stones stones do not rise of
themselves unless they are made to resemble the wood
in the midst of stones and salt can we can we declare when a
house was built. A house is built either in the shape of a lamb
of a heart or of a bush. And almost immediately the walls
scale. They whiten and the sun changes chinese red to blue.
Immerse yourself.

LEAVES ME LEAVES ME

Why can you muster men and birds. Why can you whistle
so shyly. And why do you mention harm. No eyes can make
thirds and no rabbits can cheer. It does them good to be
sold. Who sells hens. Connect the impression that earliness
and repetition and even octagons are necessary to families.
Families really need a fern. Ferns are really seen by their
leaves. Whole dogs have trimming. They trim their size.
One cannot be merry in peace. And in war. Who can care
to wear what is there and in there. Who can carry a nest to
the hay. Who can say yes how do you do yesterday. Can you
have lettuce, can you have the best figs in a servant.

To serve in a sieve and a saint. To paint and to see all the
sea. To see electricity.

CONSCIENCE

Racket is a noise. Noise is a poise. Boys with the b spelled like a p is poise. Boys is poise.

And then I read the men. Men say. Leave me and be gay. Men say tenderness to-day. Men say go away.

And leave me.

A potato field and the promised land. It is a very pleasant burning smell.

Armandine Armandine yesterday noon. Armandine Armandine what is the tune.

Devotion. What is devotion. He is devoted to that. She is devout. And an opening. An opening is covered by Cæsars. Sharp wire. Do sharpen wire. Devotion. Devotion is determined by design.

When this you see remember me.

I do mean to replace crockery with furniture. I do mean to organise victory. I do mean to say grace.

I am not a bar tender.

Automatically but not silently.

Little fool little stool little fool for me. Little stool little fool little stool for me. And what is a stool. That was the elegant name for a cow. Little stool little fool little stool for me. Little fool little stool for me.

Let us let us conscience.

Let us let us conscientiously renounce the sense of reticence.

GERTRUDE STEIN



PAINTINGS
"CHRISTIAN"

AESTHETIC MEDITATIONS*

ON PAINTING

THE CUBIST PAINTERS

FIRST SERIES

Pablo Picasso—Georges Braque—Jean Metzinger—Albert Gleizes—Juan Gris—Mlle. Marie Laurencin—Fernand Leger—Francis Picabia—Marcel Duchamp—Duchamp-Villon, etc.

I

THE plastic virtues: purity, unity and truth hold nature downed beneath their feet.

In vain the rainbow is bent, the seasons vibrate, the crowds rush on to death, science undoes and remakes that which already exists, whole worlds withdraw forever from our conception, our transitory images repeat themselves or revive their unconsciousness, and the colours, odours, sounds which follow astonish us,—then disappear from nature.



This monster of beauty is not eternal.

We know that our breath has had no beginning, and will have no end, but we conceive first of all the creation and the end of the world.

Nevertheless, too many artists still adore plants, stones, the wave, or men.

One quickly becomes accustomed to the bondage of the mysterious. And this servitude ends by creating soft leisure.

One allows the labourer to dominate the universe, and gardeners have less respect for nature than the artists.

It is time to be the masters. Good will does not insure victory.

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Translated by Mrs. Charles Knoblauch, for the Société Anonyme.

The mortal forms of love dance on this side of eternity, and the name of nature sums up their accursed discipline.



The flame is the symbol of painting, and the three plastic virtues radiate in burning.

The flame is of a purity which tolerates nothing alien, and cruelly transforms in its own image that which it touches.

The flame has a magic unity—if it is divided, each spark is like unto the single flame.

It has, finally, the sublime truth of its own light, which nobody can deny.



In spite of natural forces the virtuous artist painters of this occidental epoch contemplate their purity.

It is forgetfulness after study. And, if a pure artist should ever die it would be necessary that all those of the past ages should not have existed.

In the occident, painting purifies itself with this ideal logic which the old painters have transmitted to the new as if they had given them life.

And that is all.

One lives in delight, another in pain; some devour their heritage, others become rich, and still others have nothing but life.

And that is all.

No one can carry his father's body about everywhere with him. He abandons it to the company of the other dead. And he remembers it, regrets it, speaks of it with admiration. And, if he becomes a father himself, he must not expect any of his children to multiply themselves for the life of his corpse.

But, it is in vain that our feet detach themselves from the soil which holds the dead.



To contemplate purity is to baptise instinct, to humanize art, and to deify personality.

The root, the stalk and the flower of the lily show the progress of purity to its symbolic bloom.



All bodies are equal before the light and their modifications come from this luminous power which moulds them according to its will.

We do not know all the colours, and each man invents new ones.

But the painter must, above all, become himself the spectator of his own divinity, and the pictures which he offers to the admiration of men will confer upon them also the glory of exercising for the moment their own divinity.

For this it is necessary to embrace at a glance the past, present and future.

The canvas should present that essential unity which alone can produce ecstasy.

Then, nothing transient will be dashed off at random. We will not suddenly be turning backwards. Free spectators, we will not give up our life because of our curiosity. The salt smugglers of appearances will not be able to pass our statues of salt before the custom house of reason.

We will not go astray in the unknown future, which, separated from eternity, is only a word designed to tempt man.

We will not exhaust ourselves seizing the too fugitive present, for fashion after all can only be for the artist the mask of death.



The picture will exist inevitably. The vision will be entire, complete, and its infinity, instead of marking an imperfection, will only bring out the relation between a new creature and a new creator, only this and nothing more. Otherwise there will be no unity, and the connection which the different points of the canvas have with different geniuses, with different objects, with different lights, will show only a multiplicity of inharmonious dissimilarities.

For, if there can be an infinite number of creatures, each one attesting its creator, with no creation to block the extent of those

coexistences, it is impossible to conceive of them at one and the same time, and death is the result of their juxtaposition, of their mingling, of their love.

Each divinity creates after his own image: so too, the painters. And it is only photographers who manufacture reproductions of nature.



Neither purity nor unity count without the truth, which cannot be compared to reality, since truth is always the same, outside all nature, which exerts itself to hold us within the fatal order of things wherein we are only animals.



Above all, artists are men who wish to become inhuman.

They seek painfully the traces of inhumanity, traces which are never found in nature.

These are the real truths, and beyond them we know no reality.



But reality is never discovered once and for all. The truth will always be new.

Otherwise, truth would be a system even more miserable than nature.

In this case, the deplorable truth, every day more distant, less distinct, less real, would reduce painting to a state of plastic writing destined simply to facilitate the relations between peoples of the same race.

In our day, a machine would quickly be invented which without comprehension reproduced such signs.

II

Many of the new painters paint only pictures which have no actual subject. And the titles which one finds in the catalogues play merely the role of the names which designate men without characterising them.

I have seen canvases entitled: *Solitude*, where there were several people, just as there are Mr. Stouts who are very thin, and Mr. Blonds who are very dark.

In the cases in question, the artists even condescend occasionally to make use of vaguely explicative words, such as *portrait*, *landscape*, *still life*; many, however, of the young artists use only the general term, *painting*.

These painters, even if they still observe nature, no longer imitate her, and they carefully avoid the representation of natural scenes studiously observed and reconstructed.

Actual resemblance no longer has any importance because everything is sacrificed by the artist to the verities, to the necessities of a superior nature which he presupposes without exposing. The subject no longer counts, or if it counts at all, counts for very little.

Generally speaking, modern art repudiates most of the means of pleasing which were used by the great artists of past times.

Today, as formerly, the aim of painting is still the pleasure of the eye, but the demand henceforward made upon the amateur is to find a pleasure other than the one which the spectacle of natural things could just as well provide.



Thus one travels towards an entirely new art, which compared to painting as it has been looked upon heretofore, shall be what music is to literature.

It will be the essence of painting, just as music is the essence of literature.

The amateur of music experiences, in listening to a concert, joy of a different order from the joy he feels in listening to natural sounds, like the murmur of a stream, the roar of a torrent, the whistling of the wind in a forest, or the harmonies of human language founded on reason and not on æsthetics.

In the same way, the new painters will provide their admirers with artistic sensations due solely to the harmony of odd lights.

Everyone knows Pliny's anecdote of Appelles and Protogenes.

It demonstrates clearly the æsthetic pleasure resulting solely from this odd combination of which I have spoken.

Appelles landed one day on the Isle of Rhodes to see the works of Protogenes, who lived there. Protogenes was not in his studio when Appelles arrived. An old woman was there guarding a large canvas ready to be painted. Instead of leaving his name, Appelles drew on the canvas a line so delicate that nothing subtler could be conceived.

On his return Protogenes, seeing the drawn line, recognized the hand of Appelles, and traced thereupon a line of another color even more subtle, in such a way that there appeared to be three.

Appelles came back again the next day, without finding him whom he sought, and the subtlety of the line he drew that day reduced Protogenes to despair. This sketch was for a long time the admiration of connoisseurs who viewed it with as much pleasure as if gods and goddesses had been depicted instead of almost invisible tracings.



The secret aim of the young artists of the extreme schools is to produce pure painting. It is an entirely new plastic art. It is still in its first stage, and is not yet as abstract as it would like to be. Most of the young painters work a great deal with mathematics without knowing it, but they have not yet abandoned nature whom they patiently question so that she may teach them the way of life.

A Picasso studies an object as a surgeon dissects a body.

This art of pure painting, if it succeeds in disengaging itself entirely from the ancient school of painting, will not necessarily cause such painting to disappear, any more than the development of music has caused the disappearance of different kinds of literature, or than the acridity of tobacco has replaced the savour of food.

III

The new artists have been violently reproached for their geometric preoccupations. And yet, geometric figures are the essence of drawing. Geometry, the science which has for its scope space, its measurement and its relations, has been from time immemorial the rule even of painting.

Up till now, the three dimensions of the euclidean geometry have sufficed for the solicitude which the sentiment of the infinite arouses in the soul of great artists.

The new painters do not propose, any more than did the old, to be geometricians. But, it may be said that geometry is to the plastic arts what grammar is to the art of the writer. Today scholars no longer hold to the three dimensions of the euclidean geometries. The painters have been led quite naturally and, so to speak, by intuition, to preoccupy themselves with possible new measures of space, which, in the language of modern studios has been designated briefly and altogether by the term the *fourth* dimension.



The fourth dimension as it is presented to the understanding from the plastic point of view would be engendered by the three known dimensions; it would show the immensity of space eternalized in every direction at a given moment. It is space itself, the dimension of the infinite: it is this which endows objects with their plasticity. It gives them the proportions which they merit as a part of the whole, whereas, in Greek art, for example, a somewhat mechanical rhythm unceasingly destroys the proportions.

Greek art had a purely human conception of beauty. It took man as the standard of perfection. The art of the new painters takes the infinite universe as the ideal, and it is this ideal that necessitates a new measure of perfection, which permits the artist to give to the object proportions which conform to the degree of plasticity to which he desired to bring it.

Nietzsche divined the possibility of such an art: "O divine Dionysius, why dost thou pull my ears?" Ariadne demands of

her philosophical lover in one of the celebrated dialogues on *The Isle of Naxos*. "I find something pleasant and agreeable in thy ears, Ariadne. Why are they not still longer?"

Nietzsche when he recalled this anecdote put into the mouth of Dionysius the condemnation of Greek art.

Let us add, in order that today nothing more than an historical interest may attach to the utopian expression:—the fourth dimension—which must be noted and explained, that it was only a manifestation of the aspirations and inquietudes of a large number of young artists contemplating the Egyptian Negro and Oceanian sculptures, meditating on the works of science, and awaiting a sublime art.

IV

Wishing to attain to the proportions of the ideal, not limiting themselves to humanity, the young painters offer us works which are more cerebral than sensual. To express the grandeur of metaphysical forms, they withdraw further and further from the former art of optical illusions and local proportions. This is why the present art, even if it is not the direct emanation of determined religious beliefs, presents nevertheless several characteristics of the Great Art, that is to say, of religious art.

V

It is the social function of the great poets and the great painters to renew unceasingly the appearance which nature assumes in the eyes of men.

Without the poets, without the artists, men would quickly tire of the monotony of natural phenomena.

The sublime idea which they have of the universe would come tumbling down with a vertiginous rapidity.

The order which appears in nature and which is only an effect of art would immediately vanish. Everything would break up in chaos. No more seasons, no more civilisation, no more thought, no more humanity, no more of life itself; impotent obscurity would reign forever. By mutual consent the poets

and the artists determine the features of their epoch and docilely the future falls in with their plan.

The general structure of an Egyptian mummy conforms to the figures outlined by the Egyptian artists, and yet the ancient Egyptians differed greatly the one from the other. They have conformed to the art of their epoch.

To create the illusion—the type—is the real quality of art, its social role. God knows how the pictures of Manet and Renoir were mocked! Very well! It suffices to cast an eye upon the photographs of their epoch to see how the people and things conform to the pictures which these great artists have painted.

The works of art being, from the plastic point of view the most energetic products of a period, this illusion appears to me quite natural. This energy imposes itself on men and is for them the plastic measure of an epoch. Thus, those who mock the new painters make fun of their own features, for the people of the future will picture to themselves the human beings of today as they have been represented by the artists of the most vital, that is to say, the newest art. Do not say to me that there are today other artists who paint in such a way that mankind will recognize itself as portrayed in their image. All the works of art of an epoch end by resembling the most expressive, the most typical, art of that period. Dolls are the outlet of a popular art, they seem always to be inspired by the great art of the same epoch. This is a truth easy to verify. And yet who would dare to say that the dolls which were sold in the bazaars about 1880 had been manufactured with a sentiment analogous to that of Renoir when he painted his portraits? Then, nobody noticed it. It signifies, nevertheless, that the art of Renoir was energetic enough, vital enough to impose itself on our senses, while to the great public at the same time when he started his conceptions appeared to be mad absurdities.

VI

One has often, and notably in the case of the most recent painters, been confronted by the possibility of a mystification or of a collective error.

But no one knows, in all the history of art, of a single collective mystification any more than of a collective artistic error. There are isolated cases of mystification and of error, but the conventional elements of which in part the works of art are composed assure us that errors would not know how to exist collectively.

If the new school of painting had presented us with one of these cases, it would be an event so extraordinary that it could be called a miracle. To conceive a case of this sort would be to conceive that suddenly, in a nation all the children should be born without heads or with only one arm or leg, a conception evidently absurd. There are not collective errors or mystifications in art. There are only divers epochs—divers schools of art. If the end pursued by each one is not equally elevated, equally pure, all are equally respectable, and according to the ideas which each has of beauty, each school of art is successively admired, despised and again admired.

VII

The new school of painting bears the name of Cubism; it was so called in derision by Henri Matisse who in the autumn of 1908 had just seen a picture representing houses, the cubic appearance of which had greatly impressed him.

These new æsthetics were first elaborated in the mind of André Derain, but the most important and audacious works which the movement at once produced were those of a great artist, Pablo Picasso, who must also be considered as one of the founders: his inventions strengthened by the good sense of Georges Braque, who exhibited a Cubist picture in the Salon des Indépendants, as early as 1908, were formulated in the studies of Jean Metzinger, who exhibited the first Cubist portrait (it was mine) in the Salon des Indépendants of 1910. Cubist works were also admitted in the same year by the Jury for the Salon d'Automne. It was also in 1910 that the pictures of Robert Delaunay, of Marie Laurencin and of Le Fauconnier, followers of the same school, were exhibited at the Indépendants.

The first general exhibition of Cubism, when its adepts had

LES YEUX CHAUDS

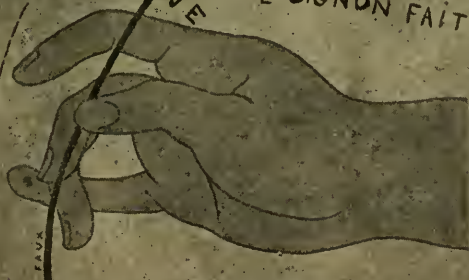
HOMMAGE
A
FRANTZ JOURDAIN

REMERCIEMENTS
AU SALON D'AUTOMNE

CLAIR DE LUNE

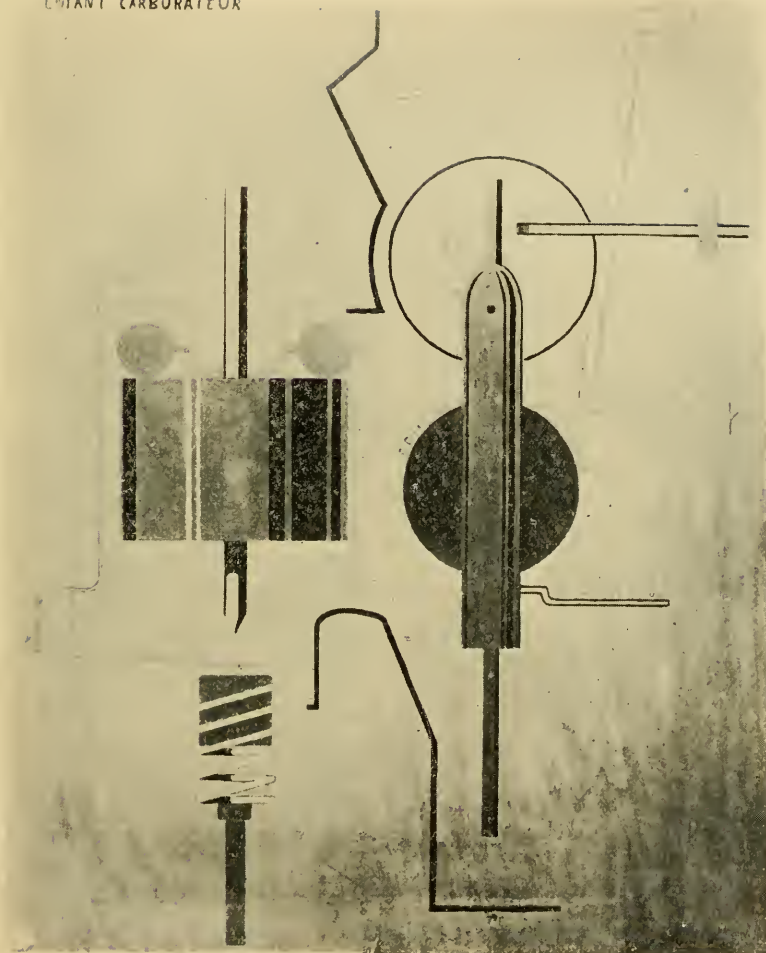
ACTION DU VENT

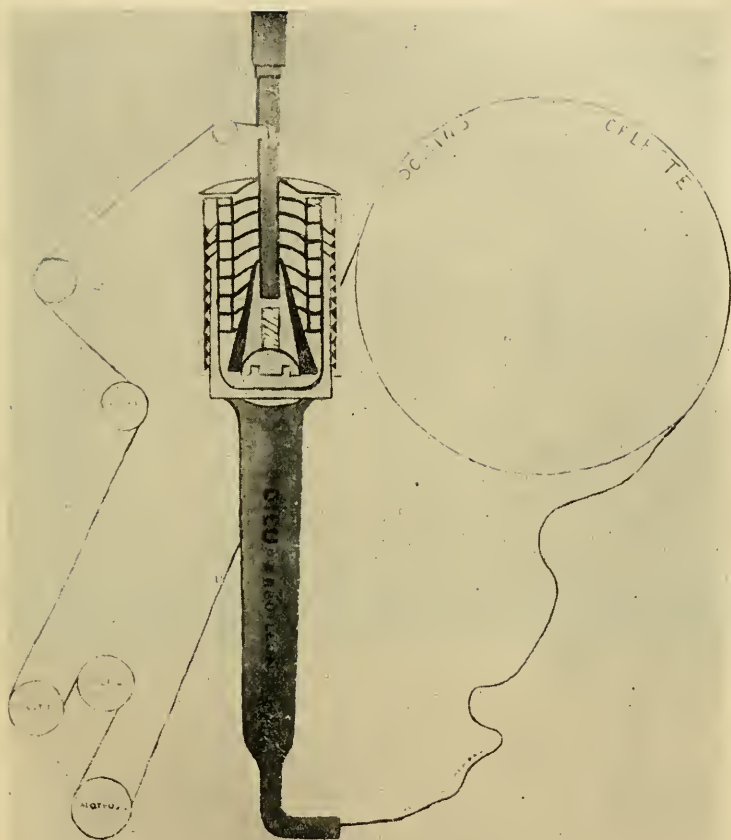
L'OIGNON FAIT LA FORCE



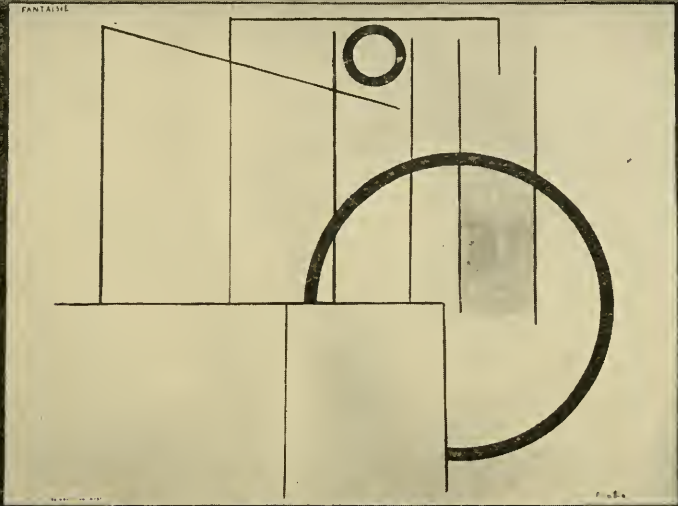
FRANCIS RICABIA

ENFANT CARBURATEUR

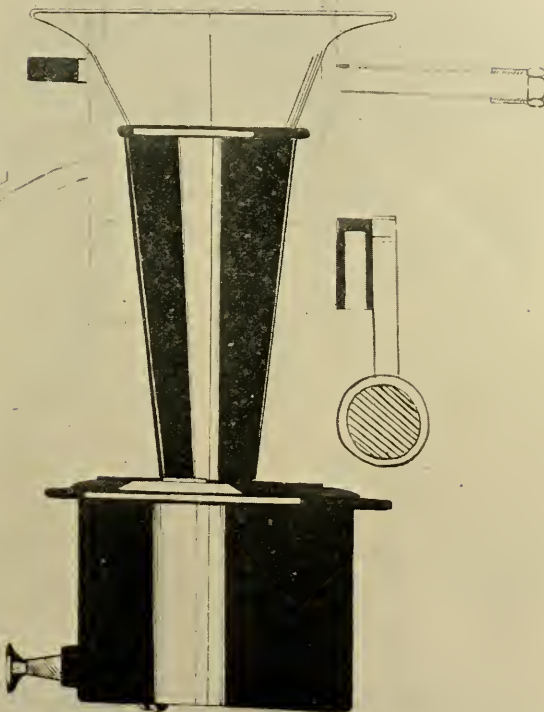




PRENEZ GARDE LA PEINTURE



CANTER



LE SAINT DES SAINTS
C'EST DE MOI QU'IL S'AGIT DANS CE PORTRAIT

become more numerous, took place in 1911 at the Indépendants where Room 41, reserved for the Cubists, produced a profound impression. Here were seen the skillful and seductive works of Jean Metzinger; landscapes, *L'homme Nu* and the *La femme aux Phlox* by Albert Gleizes; the *portrait of Mme. Fernande X* . . . and *Les Jeunes Filles* by Mlle. Marie Laurencin; *La Tour* by Robert Delaunay, *L'Abondance* by Le Fauconnier, *Nus dans un Paysage* by Fernand Leger.

The first foreign exhibition of the Cubists was held in Brussels in the same year, and in the preface of the catalogue to this exhibition I accepted, in the name of the exhibitors, the appellation Cubism, and Cubist.

At the close of the year 1911, the exhibition of Cubists the Salon d'Automne made a considerable noise, ridicule was spared neither Gleizes (*La Chasse, Portrait of Jacques Nayral*) nor to Metzinger (*La Femme à la Cuiller*), nor Fernand Leger. A new painter, Marcel Duchamp, and a sculptor architect, Duchamp-Villon, were added to the group.

Other collective exhibitions took place in November, 1911, at the gallery of Contemporaneous Art, rue Tronchet, Paris; in 1912 the Salon des Indépendants was marked by the advent of Juan Gris. At Barcelona, in the month of May, Spain received the young Frenchman with enthusiasm. Finally in June, at Rouen, at an exhibition organized by the society of Norman Artists, the advent of Francis Picabia was hailed by the new school.



That which differentiates Cubism from the old schools of painting is that it is not an art of painting, but an art of conception which tends to rise to that of creation.

In representing the concept of reality, or the created reality, the painter can give the appearance of three dimensions, he can, so to speak, *cube it*. He cannot do this in rendering simply the reality as seen, unless he makes use of an illusion either in perspective or foreshortening which deforms the quality of the form conceived or created.

In Cubism, as I have analyzed it, four tendencies have manifested themselves. Of which two are parallel and pure.

Scientific cubism is one of the pure tendencies. It is the art of painting new ensembles with elements borrowed, not from the reality of vision, but from the reality of consciousness. Every man has the perception of this inner reality. It is not necessary, for example, to be a man of culture to conceive of a round form.

The geometrical aspect which so vividly impressed those who saw the first scientific canvases came from the fact that the essential reality was given with great purity and that the visual accidents and anecdotes had been eliminated.

The painters who follow this school are: Picasso (although his luminous art belongs also to the other pure tendency of cubism), Georges Braque, Metzinger, Albert Gleizes, Mlle. Laurencin, and Juan Gris. Physical Cubism is the art of painting new ensembles with elements borrowed mostly from the reality of vision. This art is derived, nevertheless, from the constructive discipline of Cubism. It has a great future in the history of painting. Its social rôle is well marked, but it is not a pure art. It confuses the subject with its aspects. Le Fauconnier is the physical Cubist painter who created this tendency.

Orphic Cubism is the other great tendency of Modern Painting.

The last pictures and aquarelles of Cézanne belong to Cubism, but Courbet is the father of the new painters, and André Derain to whom I shall presently return, was the eldest of his best beloved sons, for he originated the movement of the *Fauves* who were a sort of prelude to the Cubists, and he also led the great subjective movement.

It would be too difficult however to write clearly today of a man who voluntarily holds himself aloof from everybody and everything.



The Modern School seems to me the most audacious that has ever been. It has put the question of beauty in itself. It wishes to visualize beauty disengaged from the pleasure which man

causes man, and, since the dawn of historic times no European artist has dared to do that. The new artists must have an ideal beauty which will no longer be merely the proud expression of the species, but the expression of the universe, in so far as it has been humanized in the light. It is the art of painting new ensembles with elements not borrowed from visual realities, but created entirely by the artist and endowed by him with a powerful reality.

The works of the Orphic Artists must present simultaneously a pure aesthetic charm, a construction which strikes beneath the surface and a sublime significance,—that is to say, the subject. It is pure art.

The light from the works of Picasso contains this art, which Robert Delaunay invents on his side and for which Fernand Leger, Francis Picabia and Marcel Duchamp also strive.

Instinctive Cubism, the art of painting new ensembles borrowed not from visual reality but from suggestions made to the artist by instinct and intuition, has long tended to orphism. The instinctive artists lack lucidity and artistic faith. Instinctive Cubism includes a very great number of artists. It sprang from the French Impressionism and now this movement extends all over Europe.



The Art of today clothes its creations with an imposing and monumental aspect, which surpasses in this respect everything that has been conceived by the artists of our age. Ardent in pursuit of beauty, it is noble, energetic, and the reality which it brings us is marvelously clear.

I love the art of today because above all else I love the light, and all men love light,—above all else Man invented fire.

(to be concluded)

GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE

extrait de

*cinéma calendrier
du coeur abstrait*

*p*urgatoire annonce la grande saison
le gendarme amour qui pisse si vite
coq et glace se couchent sous l'oeil galant
grande lampe digère vierge marie
rue saint-jacques s'en vont les petits jolis
vers les timbres de l'aurore blanche aorte
l'eau du diable pleure sur ma raison

TRISTAN TZARA.

COCTEAU SALUANT PICABIA

ARBRE lourd allégé d'incendies tunnels ou reine des cieux des siestas brèves. Sur le coup de notre pied un jet d'eau s'agite dans une rue métaphysique comme un fait dont les siècles s'épanouissent en nuit grande ouverte de chair avenir plénitude nue de deuils plus noirs qu'eux sur le diminutif des actes cruels. Les réponses hors le calme du soleil des autres aiment la ville des ennemis pareils à l'oubli des jouissances. Les synthèses de route pullulent, trompe-l'oeil fugitifs des réalités enfouies par les dilettantes qui ignorent nos actes primaires de haine, furent des chaises découvertes.

La haine charbon dans le triangle obscurément libre des anges intellectuels trop rares dans le ciel pur des timbres-poste, oublie les faillites de la bonne qui saute sur les volets des romans.

Nous refusons loin de nous-mêmes l'âme du refus sous nos coudes. N'est-ce pas mon cher Francis?

JEAN COCTEAU

COCTEAU SALUANT TZARA

P ARADIS DÉCOMMANDE LA BELLE JOUR-
NÉE
LE VOLEUR QUI BOIT SI LENTEMENT
POULE ET BRAISE SE LEVENT SUR L'OS
DUR

PETITE OBSCURITÉ VOMIT MESSALINE
O PAINS A CACHETER DU COUCHANT NOIR
TRUDAINÉ

LE FEU DIVIN RIAIT SUR MA FOLIE
BÛCHER POUR DAMES SEULES POISON ROYAL
DES AILES

STOCK DE PRESQU'ILES ROUTINE
LES CONSTRUCTEURS À LA DÉRIVE SUR L'ICE-
BERG

OTENT LEURS BOUCHES SCANDALEUSES
SACCAGENT LES FLEURS DE VIANDE
DEFONCENT LE FEU CENTRAL
DISPERSENT LES JEUNES COLONNES

Le langage du rêve est un combat de givre
La cuirasse de Dieu, oursin de diamant,
Plonge en riant: il faut la suivre.

JEAN COCTEAU

SOUTHERN SYNCOPATED SINGERS

LIME'S full moon!
The land coots stalk by on tall fingers.
Birds scream
and steadily march the white ants.

*In the full moon of the limes
the pygmies howl to each other,
notes piercing sweet and wild.*

*Their gods stand darkling round them
and the drums make a heavy tired noise
of large leaves turning.*

*In greasy light
our godhead shines within us thinly.
Clothed in piercing sound
the granite fetishes
brood through sunken eyes.*

JOHN RODKER

KAREN

A NOVEL

THIS woman Karen was a norwegian. She was dressed in heavy men's clothes, the trousers put down into boottops. She was not old, she was not ugly, she was workworn.

She stood looking through a crack in the barn door up at the farmhouse on the hill. Dorothea was dead... Dorothea. The daughters would be coming up to the funeral tomorrow. Dorothea had slipped and fallen on the icy ground. Karen had heard the doctor telling the neighbours at church; but no daughters had come to take care of her. All the week before Dorothea died Karen was tortured with a longing to do something for her. She wished she had the courage to go to her, to offer to serve her, to die for her. But they were fine people, they had not come from her part of the country, there was something about her that made people shun her.

Early in the morning she had begun watching the house up the road. Hours and hours passed and she did not move. A harsh low day outside. Inside the sound of cattle chewing, blowing, sleeping, the smell of hay, wet bran and strong manure. Thoughts scratched across Karen's brain like long thorns or spread out thin and were nothing when she tried to hold them. Only pictures and feelings turned and turned in her mind today. She pictured Dorothea in church...the pastor saying her name twice when he spoke to her...calling her Fru. A little flat white lacepiece on black black hair, thin slant eyes, dark skin, cheekbones, lappblood...reindeer lapp. Jewelry: a carved silver scentbottle, heartshaped with a crown on the top, chain and rings. Long hands folded on the black dress...not listening to the pastor...Dorothea brooding for the old country, filling the church with quiet brooding. She sat beside arrogant redhaired Andreas. Karen did not listen to the pastor either. It was not like church since he had taken off his collar...everything in this new country was the same. She watched Dorothea, she could not take her eyes away. Dorothea always nodded goodday to her. Karen knew that it was

only because she was part of the old country, but no one else ever spoke to her. No one but Dorothea longed back to the old country the way she did, no one but Dorothea had refused to learn one word of english.

Karen cried a little every Sunday after she had been to church. She cried because she had worked like a man, like a slave, ever since she had come to America...to save enough money to go back. It had all become empty...there was no one in the old country like Dorothea. She could not go now. She would miss Dorothea too much, miss the lace cap, the black dress, the silver scentbottle...women's things.

Karen couldn't remember when she had gone out to work. She had never had a woman's dress—old coats of men and trousers and work things. Work is all she had ever known. She had come to America to work as farmhand for some old people. They were both dead now. She had taken the farm over on shares and worked it alone. She had cattle and well-mended fences, she had even saved a little money, but she was always working, always alone. There was something about her that made people shun her. She stayed on because of Dorothea. Hypnotised. She loved every thing that belonged to Dorothea: her daughters that came sometimes from the city...splendid proud women who laughed like strong young men. They were like their father, not brooding like the gentle Dorothea, but they were handsome and wore beautiful clothes. Karen was full of wonder that they and Dorothea and she were all women.

It grew cold and dusk in the barn. Karen stamped and beat her arms across her chest, but she would not leave her place....
..Horses across the wooden bridge of the creek: horses and a carriage from the livery in the village below. Two women in the back seat, young, city women...feathers...ja ja! The horses stopped at the top of the hill, some talk with the driver, then the two leapt down—with one movement through the whole body, like fish...and proudly like horses they went in to the dead Dorothea.

Karen closed her eyes and leaned her forehead against the barn door for a long time, long after the horses had recrossed

the bridge... a long time... then in the dark she did the feeding and milking, closed the doors tightly and went into the house. She put the milk bucket on the table, lighted no lamp, but went feeling her way into her bedroom. Again she stood a long time senseless and motionless. Slowly she sank down upon the floor, stretched out along it in the dark reaching for something—when she came to the bedpost she clung to it with both hands. Lying face downward she began to moan and repeat dully: "I want to be like them... I want to be them."

In the spring Andreas walked into Karen's barnyard. He looked high into the air, swept the horizon with his seaeyes, stopped before the house, looked at the ground, coughed three times raising himself on to his toes each time... turned and went out to his horses waiting in the road. In two weeks he came again. Karen watching from the barn knew why he had come.

It had been a mistake his coming here to this midland to farm. He had sailed the seas, he could not dig in the earth. The security of the land embarrassed him. He could never admit his mistake and return to the old country. He had got a job as road inspector. He had men under him again. He rode about in his wagon standing, but he was impatient and ashamed of the horses: a wagon is not a ship. His farm was going to ruin.

He came up to the barn and spoke to Karen; asked about the roads and then about her farm; talking quickly, seeing everything, coughing and raising himself on his tiptoes when the talk lagged. The third time he came he asked her how much money she had in the bank and then he asked her to marry him. He did not look at her and she did not look at him, but she said "you can tell the pastor."

Thirteen years and Andreas was dead one morning in his bed. The daughters were coming to another funeral. Karen did not try to think about it. She knew that it was useless to try to think. Each person has only one or two thoughts... one of hers had been Dorothea. When she had married Andreas

it was to come into Dorothea's house; to touch and to take care of her things and to be there when the daughters came—to serve them. She found that they had taken Dorothea's clothes and the silver scentbottle away with them...and when their father had married her they had hated him for taking anyone in their mother's place and had never come again.

Karen had lived here with Andreas between silences and rages; doing all the work on the farm; keeping house for Andreas. She could not understand why everyone hated her for marrying him—as the years passed people shunned her even more. She saw no one, she was terribly alone.

They came. The younger came first, a widow furred in rich black silk: pale and arrogant and full of hate. She went through her father's papers, took what she wanted and waited. The other one came from a long distance, she brought two children with her. They stayed three days, they did not speak to Karen, they talked of their own lives...when they were not talking but sitting silent feeling the years of separation between them, the older one often let the tears run down her strong face, saying aloud as if to some sick memory "poor poor dear mother." They never spoke of their father.

Karen came and went getting the meals, making the beds and the fires. She wanted to speak, to tell them something, she wanted to take the children in her arms. These heartless women, she would appease them for all the years of hate. She came into the room and stopped, they looked at her and pale spots came at either side of their nostrils. She must speak quickly or she could never try again. She said in a low voice "I was never wife to your father." They sat like granite... finally the older one tapped with her foot on floor and said—"So? I have heard."

One winter Karen was dragged by a cow. No one passed the farm for two days, there was no way to call a doctor, she suffered, when a man hauling wood came along she was able to call out to him. The doctor examined her—he told her she would be helpless all the rest of her life. A niece, a woman of fifty whose life had been much better than her own, came to take care of her.

This woman Ola was tender and a good nurse. She had been meant by nature to be a mother, her body had a nesting expression. She had taught in a country school, supporting her mother for many years. When she was forty-two her mother had been paralyzed. Ola gave up her school and moved to the city where she could get plain sewing to do at home. Very soon she met a man at church: a tall blonde wheat-grower from Minnesota. A man of her own age, but so full of strength and colour that he looked no more than thirty. He fell in love with Ola the first time he saw her and she quietly knew that he was for her. He asked her to marry him, pled with her to bring her mother and come with him, but she was afraid that with this burden his love might change. She asked him to wait. She had his unquestioning unchanging love for eight years...on the day of her mother's funeral he had died of pneumonia. She took care of Karen as she had taken care of her mother, in some way it made it seem as if he were still waiting.

Karen had not been in bed long when Andrea's younger daughter came to the farm. She looked at Ola through narrowed eyes, she did not speak, but went in to Karen and sat beside the bed. She was very angry. The farm was now hers, she had bought the sister's share. She wanted possession. Karen had cut down some trees to keep warm in the winter. That was not in her tenure. The tenure would be broken. She must leave. Karen lay with her face to the wall and said nothing. The other woman taunted her about her illness, asked her why she didn't die. When she saw that Karen wouldn't talk she sat silent looking at the bed with narrow eyes..... presently in a voice smothered with hate she said, "If you don't go I'll have you dragged out of here. I will go to the church and tell them why you were never my father's wife. They will come and drive you out of the country for mother's sake. You can think it over." She went away.

When Ola, frightened, crept into the room she heard Karen sobbing. She went to her and put her hand on her shoulder. "Karen, Karen don't cry, the pastor won't let them. I will tell him, your body is as white and round as a girl's. You put

your money in this farm, you stay here till you are through." She was herself still trembling with fear. Perhaps this would kill Karen? It was growing dark, she went about the night chores, when she had finished she came in, lighted a lamp and looked at the bed. Karen was lying looking a long way before her, her large cheekbones shone with dried tears, she shook her head from time to time as if denying many things. She was not afraid of this pale woman who came to terrify her. She had come twice a year ever since her father's death—spying, scenting out, threatening. She had gone further in her threatening today. Karen understood now the lies Andreas in his hurt pride must have told. But she could not listen or care too much, that was just life...other things were troubling her...she began to cry again. Not till hours after did she speak to Ola....in the emptiness of the night she could tell it—in her own tongue, lying with dark thinking eyes. She was helpless now. She could not be going any more in the night, as she had gone in all the years since Dorothea died, with bucket and soap to wash Dorothea's tombstone: to keep it white. Walking the long miles to the graveyard, in the night, to do this for Dorothea. She was old and helpless now...there was nothing...nothing...

OS-ANDERS



IGOR STRAVINSKY



BRANCUSI



BEN HECHT



JEAN COCTEAU

NOCTURNE

W AS it the oysters
Or the insidious
Influence
Of the moon

*Heavenly bodies
In conjunction
At any rate*

*And at dawn
The inexorable
Dirty yellow*

LOUIS GILMORE

THE WORK OF GERTRUDE STEIN

ONE evening in the winter, some years ago, my brother came to my rooms in the city of Chicago bringing with him a book by Miss Gertrude Stein. The book was called "Tender Buttons" and, just at that time, there was a good deal of fuss and fun being made over it in American newspapers. I had already read a book of Miss Stein's called "Three Lives" and had thought it contained some of the best writing ever done by an American. I was curious about this new book.

My brother had been at some sort of gathering of literary people on the evening before and some one had read aloud from Miss Stein's new book. The party had been a success. After reading a few lines the reader stopped and was greeted by loud shouts of laughter. It was generally agreed that the author had done a thing we Americans call 'putting something across,' the meaning being that she had by a strange freakish performance

managed to attract attention to herself, get herself discussed in the newspapers, become for a time a figure in our hurried, hurried lives.

My brother, as it turned out, had not been satisfied with the explanation of Miss Stein's work then current in America and so he bought "Tender Buttons" and brought it to me and we sat for a time reading the strange sentences. "It gives words an oddly new intimate flavor and at the same time makes familiar words seem almost like strangers, doesn't it," he said. What my brother did, you see, was to set my mind going on the book and then, leaving it on my table, he went away.

And now, after these years, and after having sat with Miss Stein by her own fire in the rue de Fleurus in Paris, I am asked to write something by way of introduction to a new book she is about to issue.

As there is in America an impression of Miss Stein's personality, not at all true and rather foolishly romantic, I would like first of all to brush that aside. I had myself heard stories of a long dark room with a languid woman lying on a couch, smoking cigarettes, sipping absinthe perhaps and looking out upon the world with tired disdainful eyes. Now and then she rolled her head slowly to one side and uttered a few words, taken down by a secretary who approached the couch with trembling eagerness to catch the falling pearls.

You will perhaps understand something of my own surprise and delight when, after having been fed up on such tales and rather Tom Sawyerishly hoping they might be true, I was taken to her to find instead of this languid impossibility a woman of striking vigour, a subtle and powerful mind, a discrimination in the arts such as I have found in no other American born man or woman and a charmingly brilliant conversationalist.

'Surprise and delight,' did I say. Well, you see, my feeling is something like this. Since Miss Stein's work was first brought to my attention I have been thinking of it as the most important pioneer work done in the field of letters in my time. The loud guffaws of the general that must inevitably follow the bringing forward of more of her work do not irritate me but I would like it if writers, and particularly younger writers, would come

to understand a little what she is trying to do and what she is in my own opinion doing.

My own thought in the matter is something like this—that every artist working with words as his medium must at times be profoundly irritated by what seems the limitations of his medium. What things does he not wish to create with words. There is the mind of the reader before him and he would like to create in that reader's mind a whole new world of sensations, or rather one might better say he would like to call back into life all of the dead and sleeping senses.

There is a thing one might call 'the extension of the province of his art' one wants to achieve. One works with words and one would like words that have a taste on the lips, that have a perfume to the nostrils, rattling words one can throw into a box and shake, making a sharp jingling sound, words that when seen on the printed page have a distinct arresting effect upon the eye, words that when they jump out from under the pen one may feel with the fingers as one might caress the cheeks of his beloved.

And what I think is that these books of Gertrude Stein's do in a very real sense recreate life in words.

We writers are, you see, all in such a hurry. There are such grand things we must do. For one thing the Great American Novel must be written and there is the American or English Stage that must be uplifted by our very important contributions, to say nothing of the epic poems, sonnets to my lady's eyes and what not. We are all busy getting these grand and important thoughts and emotions into the pages of printed books.

And in the meantime the little words, that are the soldiers with which we great generals must make out conquests, are neglected.

There is a city of English and American words and it has been a neglected city. Strong broad-shouldered words, that should be marching across open fields under the blue sky, are clerking in little dusty drygoods stores, young virgin words are being allowed to consort with whores, learned words have been put to the ditch-diggers trade. Only yesterday I saw a word that once called a whole nation to arms serving in the mean capacity of advertising laundry soap.

For me the work of Gertrude Stein consists in a rebuilding, an entire new recasting of life, in the city of words. Here is one artist who has been ready to accept ridicule, who has even foregone the privilege of writing the great American novel, uplifting our English speaking stage and wearing the bays of the great poets to go live among the little housekeeping words, the swaggering bullying street-corner words, the honest working, money-saving words and all the other forgotten and neglected citizens of the sacred and half forgotten city.

Would it not be a lovely and charmingly ironic gesture of the gods if, in the end, the work of this artist were to prove the most lasting and important of all the word slingers of our generation.

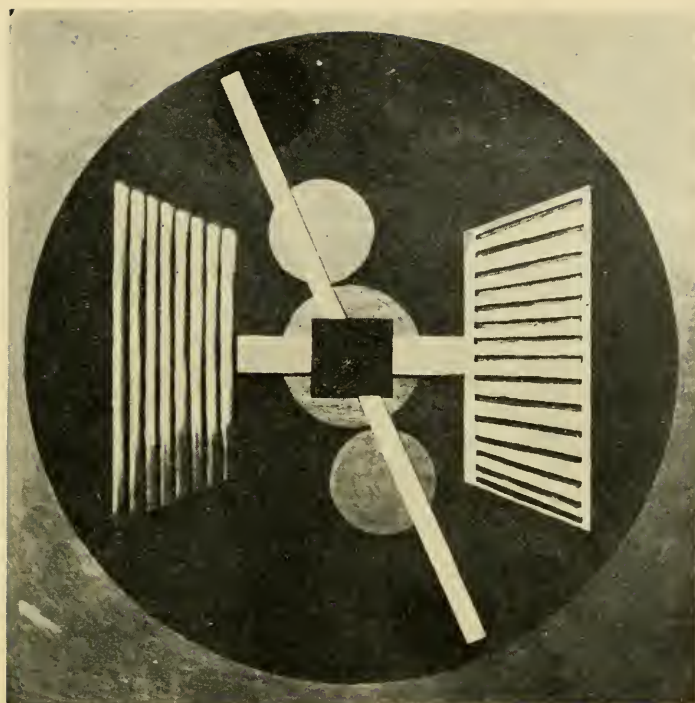
SHERWOOD ANDERSON

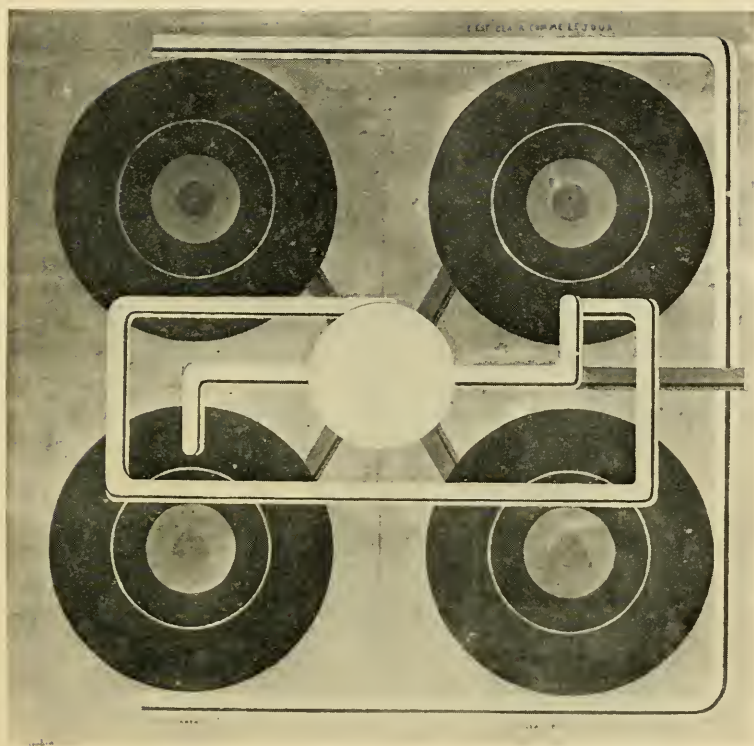
A LA NOTINIERE DE—

à Pierre de Massot.

P OURQUOI cette manie des écrivains et des journalistes de me réclamer des articles? A quoi s'occupent-ils pendant que j'écris ces lignes? et vont-ils, eux, monter sur la scène et jouer un rôle? C'est une folie d'écrire et je suis ravie de la faire car toutes les folies sont agréables; elles divertissent un moment et stupefient les gens sérieux. En quelques mots, je veux vous dire mes plus jolis rêves. Quitter le Casino de Paris, une nuit, sans rien dire, en pleine représentation; gagner la campagne et là, forever, danser sous les rayons de la lune. Puis dormir, surtout dormir; ne plus jamais être reveillée par la sonnerie du téléphone ou pour signer une photo que me tend un jeune raseur. Lire aussi, mais lire quoi? Oh si Alfred (c'est mon chien, mes bons amis américains, a good and pretty bonbon) si Alfred savait écrire, je serais sa lectrice attitrée. Les oeuvres de Paul Bourget et consorts m'ennuient à mourir (ah, j'en ai marre) et je préfère à n'importe quelle page de littérature, dut-elle être signée d'un académicien, le coup de poing du grand boxeur que j'admire et que j'aime, Georges Carpentier.

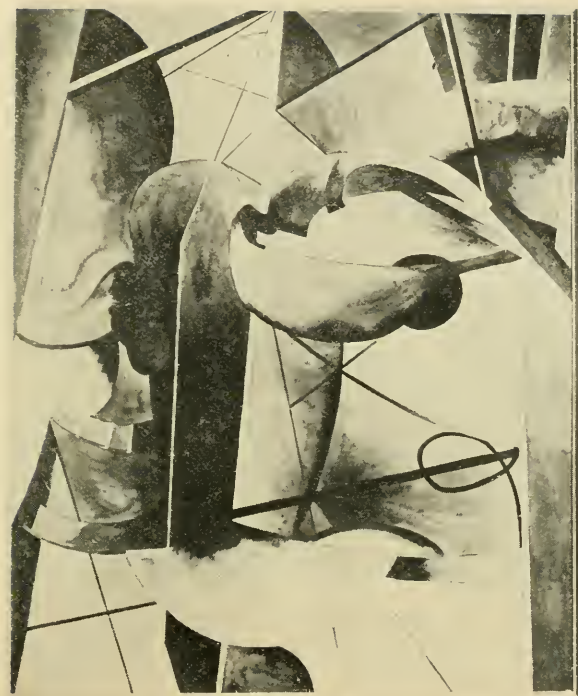
MISTINGUETT













DEAR INDIGNANT AND WRITHING CITIZENS INQUIRING:

"So nothing is Art any more but this modern stuff that doesn't feed our spirits or rest our minds?"

We are stealing no crutches, glass eyes, false teeth, or soothing syrup. We can give honour to whom and to what honour is due. We can also give that which is a free gift and not due.—*jh*.

POMPOUS WELLFED CLERGYMAN:

"I can't believe in the *Little Review*. It isn't self-supporting. I am not interested in anything that isn't self-supporting."
jh: "The church has passed the hat for 1900 years."

STOP PRESS

The intellectual capital of America is still Paris. Recent attempts to transfer it to Vienna, Naples or Stockholm have not, up to the present, succeeded.

ABEL SANDERS

FULL OF WEAPONS!

I know my words are weapons, full of danger, full of death.—*Demi Cercle*.

Yes, if you can find any one who can die.—*jh*.

THE LITTLE REVIEW IS AN ADVANCING POINT
TOWARD WHICH THE "ADVANCE GUARD" IS
ALWAYS ADVANCING.

FRENCH SCHOOL OF POESY, SYNTHÈSE

En versant ces fleurs dans ce vin
J'ai pense au veau marin.

WESTERN SCHOOL OF POESY, SYNTHÈSE

Say, bo! I heard about that fourty-niner.
Say, Bo! I've heard erbout that Perarie Schooner!
Say, Bo! !

ABEL SANDERS

SUPPRESSED PASSAGE

(Words in italics removed from Ezra Pound's article in Literary Review of
New York Evening Post.)

The "literary and artistic life" of London having dwindled, *consisting, that is, in waiting for Mr. Wyndham Lewis' next drawing and Mr. Eliot's next (we believe his twenty-sixth) poem—or this equation of London containing a so negligible amount of exaggeration—the bath of Paris is perhaps unduly pleasant; pleasant, at least, as a matinal cleanliness, a hot tub after a fog, and a clean air with a recent vestige of rain.*

BOLL WEEVIL

The ideer that you have to become more like a boll weevil in order to be a good biollergist, distresses me.

Yours eeturnilly,

ABEL SANDERS

(*vide Robert Morss Lovett, in the Dial for Jan. 1922 (old style) page 80.*)

ANTI-CLIMAX

Dear L. R. My first hunch was right. Szymanowski is the most considerable musical apparition which has arisen in twenty years. His symphony bears out my contention. He is, I think, a composer of the very first rank. Beat some drums for him.—BURTON RASCOE.

DOYLE'S LUNCH-ROOM

Watch your hat, coat, and ectoplasm!

THE MANTLE OF—

It looks as if Bishop, Wilson and Rascoe were trying to steal up and sneak Matthew Arnold's old cloak off of Eliot.—*jh.*

CERTAIN MAGAZINE PLEASE COPY

We love danger but we are a little tired of being our only victory. We not only supply the guns and the target but we are also called upon to design the grave clothes.

TO THOSE WHO RING DOOR-BELLS

Yes, we love fanatics: they usually have something interesting enough to keep them occupied while we are having a little fanaticism of our own.

HAS IT EVER OCCURRED TO YOU THAT
THE LITTLE REVIEW MEANS NO MORE
TO US THAN IT SHOULD TO YOU. . . .

DJUNA BARNES
(for the L. R.)

Oh I would be a Dada
And with the Dadas stand
An idiot for my brother,
Boobs on every hand.

LOOSE LEAF PRODUCTS

MILLING gutters
Abrasive wheels
Elastic webbings
Insecticides
Flour, feed, hay, straw, salt.

Drop-forgings
Chemicals
Screw caps
Quaker snips
Tar, coal, lime, sand, cement.

Door sashes
Mill work
Blinds
Window frames
Water tube boilers, clay working machines.

Light forgings
Tool grinders
Dynamos
Revolving doors
Barrels, new and second-hand; kegs, casks and drums.

Curled hair
Children's games
Cutting saws
Copper coils
Tin, plastic-slate, gravel, slag and rubberoid.

Cotton beds,
Garden tools,
Lighting systems,
Gasolines
Flexible Flyer coasters and North American lace.

AMERICA

EMBROIDERY—Embroidery yarns,
Tinsel—Tinsel art needle work,
Non-curling gummed papers
Glove-fitting corsets
Venus Pencils—

Sidourney tools and cocks and valves,
Steel locks and safes and chains,
Horse-cart reels and racks and wheels!
Mason's materials
Monumental memorials
Invisible bi-focals—
Loose wiles!
Loosewile s!!

MURIEL DRAPER

EQUILIBRIUM

MAN OF LETTERS: "*Don't give your stuff to the Little Review.*"

ABSENT-MINDED WOMAN *comes back and gropes for words.*

M. L. "These little rags are no good, you know. They do no service to Literature. They boast of being non-commercial—and don't pay their contributors. It's a thoroughly rotten way of doing things."

A. W. *drifting*: "It's their conscious deliberate freakishness that I dislike."

M. L. "They're quite negligible. They have practically no circulation."

A. W. *turns fully outwards in a reluctant death*. "They do pay their contributors, what they *can*. That's a good deal more, in proportion, than is paid by the commercial press. And it isn't the point. Even if they didn't. . . . Take the *Little Review*. What is the worst that can be said of it? That it is deliberately outré, and consistently vitriolic about a chimera it calls public taste. What is the best? That they give a chance to people the commercial press can't handle. Take Joyce. He has been canonised by the *Times Literary Supplement*. And now everyone is marveling over 'Ulysses'."

M. L. *is silent*.

A. W. *hurriedly*. "You're both right. It's the Church and the heretics. But why must you curse each other? Why can't you both see, for instance, that papers like the London *Mercury* whose business it is to safeguard the casket of tradition and keep the back windows open, *must* have their eyes at the backs of their heads and therefore *can't* be expected to see what is under their noses? The literary squires have always thought the literary country is going to the dogs. They look for a repetition of the past. Their feet stumble among the stones of the fabric that is abuilding. The independent press has eyes for nothing but the new. It discovers gems, lying neglected in the mud. And cherishes them. Gathering up with them much dirt and rubble." She pauses, reflecting that Saint Paul must have been unconsciously led to impose silence on women. If men are robbed of their partisanship before they are fifty, where are they?

M. L. *steers the conversation a little to one side.*

DOROTHY M. RICHARDSON

DISCOVERIES OF GREAT MINDS

I

Knut Hamsun's resemblance to Conrad, discerned by Edwin Björkman.

2

Also Mr. Hamsun's "naivete". But Mr. Björkman is willing to forgive this weakness, this shortcoming, this general unconsciousness, on the ground that it is often associated with great genius (just as unconsciously, I suppose).

3

"It may be whispered without offense that the *Little Review* itself doesn't understand much of what it prints."—Burton Rascoe in the *New York Tribune*. Penetration worthy of a detective: followed by a list of our contributors now understood by the entire (civilized) literary world, and upon whom Mr. Rascoe draws almost exclusively for the life of his column.

4

Hermann Hesse in the June *Dial*, page 616: "Naturally one can if one likes regard 'The Brothers Karamazov' as a work of art." But naturally, one would not like. It is simpler, like Mr. Hesse, to regard the antics of singing teachers as Art and the literature of Dostoevsky as "beyond Art." The complications which might arise from regarding Dostoevsky as Art and the singing teachers as below Art are apparently nerve-destroying.

5

Rich Business Man: The *Little Review* isn't a business proposition. I can't contribute.

The Little Review: We didn't describe it as a business.

B. M. You have to look at it as a hobby.

L. R. We asked you to help us support our hobby.
B. M. I have my horses and dogs.
L. R. We have the *Little Review*.
B. M. I earn the money to keep my horses and dogs.
L. R. We can't earn the money to support the *Little Review*.
B. M. You'll have to.
L. R. How?
B. M. Work.
L. R. We work on the *Little Review*.
B. M. That won't bring you any money.
L. R. That's why we asked you to help us. You have lots of money.
B. M. I can earn money.
L. R. We can't. That is, as we pointed out, one of the differences between us.
B. M. But you'll have to.
L. R. How?
B. M. I make money because I know my personality. You've got to know your personalities.
L. R. We began with that. We know that our personalities can't make money.
B. M. You've got to make money.
L. R. How?
B. M. You've got to have vision, imagination.
L. R. Our vision is too long for the public purse. Our imagination is the *Little Review*.
B. M. My imagination makes me run a business to support my hobby.
L. R. If we ran a business to support the *Little Review* we'd lose the flair that makes it possible to make the *Little Review*.
B. M. That isn't necessary. I don't lose mine.
L. R. You do. Everyone in America has lost the flair for everything by running a business to support his flair.
B. M. Well, if I felt rich I'd help you.
L. R. If you don't feel rich you're not a successful business man.

- B. M. Well, if I were interested in the *Little Review* I'd help you.
- L. R. Which is to say you're not successful in your flair either.
- B. M. How do you make that?
- L. R. If you had a flair you'd recognize another good one when you saw it.
- B. M. I'll grant yours is interesting. But it can never be self-supporting.
- L. R. Discovered! That's why we asked you to help.
- B. M. But you've got to be keen about a thing. I'm not keen about the *Little Review*.
- L. R. Why not be?
- B. M. But I'm not really keen about anything.
- L. R. We knew you were an unhappy man before we talked to you. Hence this appeal to your unemployed imagination....
- B. M. Well, I confess I haven't got any imagination....
- L. R. We knew that too. Make it self-supporting!
- B. M. Make *what* self-supporting?
- L. R. Your lack of imagination.
— ! — ! — ! — !

MARGARET ANDERSON

Note to Calendar

The Christian era came definitely to an END at midnight of the 29-30 of October (1921) old style.

There followed the Feast of ZAGREUS, and a Feast of PAN counted as of no era; the new year thus beginning as on 1st November (old style), now HEPHAISTOS.

The new months, replacing the old months; of cold months HEPHAISTOS (for November), and then in the following order ZEUS, SATURN, HERMES, MARS, PHOEBUS APOLLO; and the warm months; KUPRIS, JUNO, ATHENE, HESTIA, ARTEMIS and DEMETER, the male months being also under ISIS, and the female months, two by two, under PAN, POSEIDON and BACCHUS.

The following feasts are instituted, to ZAGREUS on the 30th Demeter; to PAN on the 31st Demeter; Feast of Figures on the 14th Hermes; Feast of Political Buncomb, ancient feast of fools or feast of the ass, Mort de Caesar, Jules, 15th Mars; PRIAPUS, 1st Kupris; EPITHALAMIUM, ancient Corpus Domini, 15th Juno; FAUNUS 6th Artemis; AUSTER and APELIOTA 14th Artemis.

The year turns upon HORUS.

le monde
signe je
y m'occupe

Paul "Z" final DERMÉE

L'OEIL CACODYLATE

Je m'appelle
DADA
depuis 1892
Milhaud

MON DADA

DEUIL

de Velle

VOUS REGARDER

J. Gotti



Couronne

de
mélancolie

~~VOUS LAISSER~~
JEAN HUGO

je prête sur moi-même
G. Ribemont Desaignes
Compromis
Salin
moi, j'aime
Francis et
GERMAINE
Mortelle éternelle
Je suis bête
Benjamin
Duchamp
Je gagne
Suzanne
Quand on me prend au mot
ON COEUR BAY
VALENTINE J. HUGO
petit de Massot
sourit
Grand Picabia!

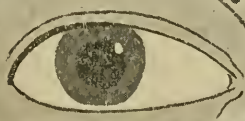
MARQUETTE
BUFFET
Ricards
je prête sur moi-même
G. Ribemont Desaignes
Compromis
Salin
moi, j'aime
Francis et
GERMAINE
Mortelle éternelle
Je suis bête
Benjamin
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Je gagne
Suzanne
Quand on me prend au mot
ON COEUR BAY
VALENTINE J. HUGO
petit de Massot
sourit
Grand Picabia!

Georges Auric

VIVE AGAGA PANSAERS

PICABIA TE SOUVIENS TU DE

PHARAMOUSSE!



SCHARCHOUNE

RENATA RUSSE

BORGATTI

LES CROISSANTS SONT bons

TAIT ET JE SIGNE

FRANCOIS HUGO

JE ME TROUVE TRÈS

TRISTAN

TZARA

FRANCIS PICABIA



Hania Rouchine

CONFITEOR

UN certain nombre de beaux messieurs ont pris le parti de la somme mauvaise sans qu'aucun autre désir les tienne que paraître. Et de fait ils ne meurent pas. Provisoirement, car il faudra bien mourir. Mais ce jour là ils accuseront la mort d'assassinat.

Il ne faut pas les blâmer ; si la vie est sans raison ou du moins s'il n'y a pas de raison de vivre, le passage à l'état de mort révolte instinctivement tout l'organisme. La belle lâcheté du snobisme suicidomane n'est pas pire que celle de l'homme qui revenu de toute raison de vivre ne se tue pas. La maîtrise de soi s'arrête sur ce seuil. Ne se suicident que ceux qui ont une maladie ou un honneur incurables.

Et cette lâcheté avouée et la mort qu'on ne regarde pas en face, il faut bien vivre puisque ça continue. On s'est adjoint une petite compagne muette qui ne montre sa tête que dans le silence—Horreur du vide, voyez Epouvante de la mort. Afin de ne pas la voir et de n'y pas songer il faut se faire du bruit. Le bruit qui ressemble à celui des hommes qui font du bruit sans savoir qu'ils en font.

Toutes ces paroles pour en arriver à ceci : Connaissant la doublure unique de tout le vestiaire art, comment puis-je encore écrire un poème ou une pièce de théâtre ? Il n'y a rien à dire, rien à écrire. Rien n'existe que les mots—et leur définition est inutile, comme la définition de ce qui existe en dehors de nous et ne se traduit cependant que par les mots. Il n'y a donc pas de réalité—sauf ce mot. Le dictionnaire suffit—encore est-il de trop.

Je me suis avoué ce reproche, non devant mon miroir qui sait à quoi s'en tenir, mais devant le miroir de quelqu'un d'autre. Il ne s'agit ni d'user de dialectique ni de parler d'art qui n'est pas de l'art. S'il y avait quelque chose de dégoûtant cela serait dégoûtant. Mais je me moque des mots—et du reste.

Je ne fais cela que pour me faire du bruit. Pour ne pas avoir peur et ne pas voir ce visage qui sent mauvais.

Pourquoi cacher le silence avec cette sorte de sonnettes et non d'autres sans équivoque? On ne peut pas toujours dormir, ni jouer au baccarat, ni collectionner les plantes alpines, ni boire de l'alcool. Cela ne fait pas assez de bruit. Et par instants... Tandis que cette tiède occupation de sécrétion périodique, si naturelle, qui vient au bon moment mettre un si élégant rideau devant la personne indésirée, remplit son rôle avec efficacité: on dirait du vrai bruit.

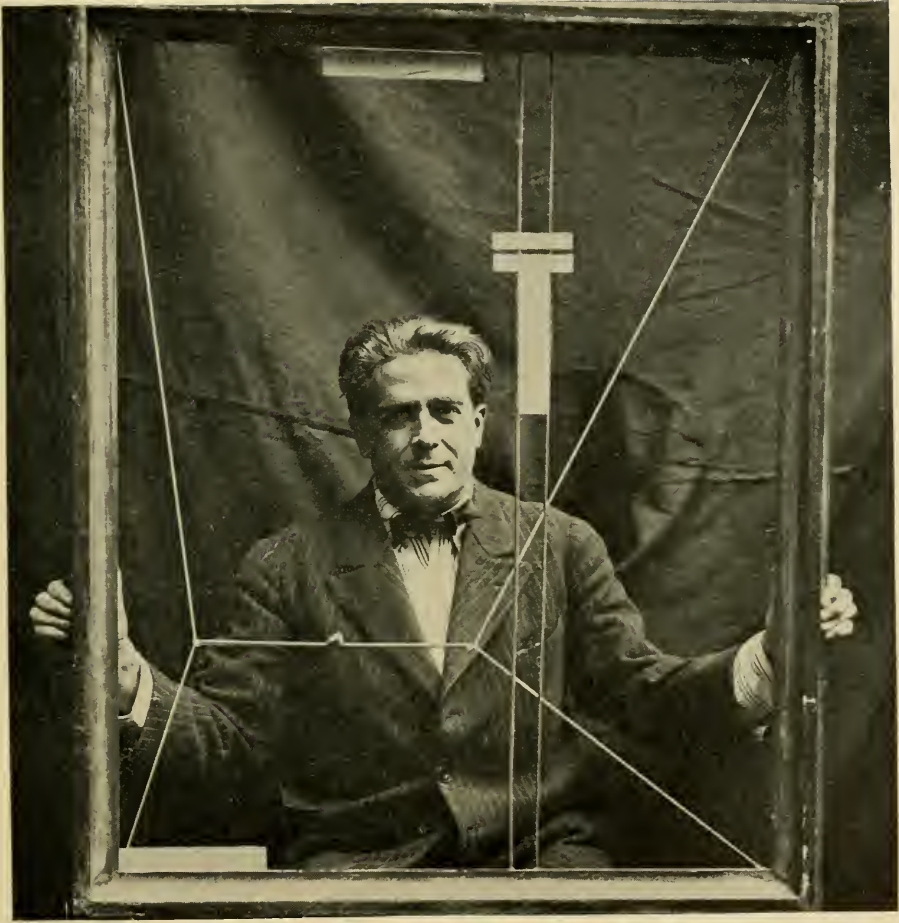
C'est pourquoi—je ne suis cependant maître ni du oui ni du non—je puis continuer à laisser respirer ma petite lâcheté.

G. RIBEMONT DESSAIGNES

ANTICOQ

“**L**ITTLE REVIEW” is certainly the only magazine which at the present moment desires to give the public the work of men whose new quests are the aim in art—whether in painting, music, sculpture or literature. “Little Review” is not influenced by the present established conventions which are for the most part only commercial. Most of the reviews unfortunately can not live without the help of editors and galleries who seek to make a credulous public believe that their merchandise alone is interesting, the only which really has a “commercial” value. This frightful stock jobbing in pictures permits the jobbers to put over it doesn't matter what good fellow for a person of genius; we have had an example of this recently at the Kahnweiler sale where they pushed up the price to 18,000 francs for pictures I wouldn't have given 50 centimes for. As for cubist purism, don't let's speak of it! As I have already written, this cathedral has only one steeple, which is Picasso; the rest of the edifice is a shop where they should sell umbrellas and where they offer us only “Ruoltz” which they wish to pass for real money!

The heartbreaking thing, you see, is the thought that these imbeciles of picture merchants disgust painters with painting



FRANCIS PICABIA

and the real amateurs with buying. I prefer the dealers in antiquities who sell us interesting works at least of the epoch they represent even if they are false! What difference is there really between a real and a false Rembrandt? Only the experts following the interest they have in them declare them "good" or "bad". Besides, the works these dealers in antiquities offer us are sometimes much more modern than those shown by the merchants of so-called modern art; as for example the imitations of negro sculpture or the imitations of Egyptian or Byzantine artists,—in fact all this paraphernalia worthy of the Grévin museum, which has less freshness to my way of thinking than the discovery of a mummy of a Pharaoh king.

To interest us it is not enough to interpret with more or less fancy the work of a race or of a man—work which is the pure expression of the needs or of the civilization of an epoch.

Modigliani was a charming man but he would have done better to turn to the movies!

That which I have just said to you is a part of the philosophy of Da, are we not agreed, my dear Christian? There is sometimes more art in knowing how to drink a cocktail than in knowing how to mix blue or vermillion with white, more art in designing the practical side of an automobile than in imitating the buttocks of an Italian model of the Place Pigalle, more art in constructing a motor than in copying a poilu with his twenty kilos of imbecility on his back, more art in making a watering pot than in making the portrait of an apple! Finally there is more art in living without nationality than in declaring oneself Parisian, as a young poet does who sometimes finds a way to defame himself before others have the fun of doing it.

The fruits which grow in an orangery always smell a little of dung and never of orange; it is the same with the brains, whose intelligence develops in the "Closerie des Lilas" or in contact with thinkers doing their work under the influence of orange bitters or Dubonnet cordial!

Long live the "Cent-mille Chemises," Félix Potin and Dufayel,—these are the real men of genius of our epoch. I prefer a can of peas Roedel to a dead constrained nature full of the boring mannerisms of the charlatans of the rue d'Astorg!

"Little Review" will present to you the men who care only for the pleasure of a continuous evolution—evolution not being able to interest those merchants and directors of reviews who see in these works only merchandise for snobs and peers.

FRANCIS PICABIA

TABU

THE sense given to the word "to be born" is nearly always an error, since nothing is born, all already exists. Things are only transformed by contact with others and manifest themselves under a new form.

TABU was not born, but already existing in the atmosphere in which the contact of two elements produced the flash of comprehension and manifestation.

Great ideas succeed and take form at the precise moment when they are necessary to replace a state of mind unfit to satisfy the highest degree of perfection of certain men.

All ideas, past and future, exist about us, but for certain ones to manifest themselves, thousands of years are needed to find the necessary circumstances and favorable receivers.

The new idea is not born of reason or reflection but rather from the need of existing and out of the propitious moment when it can and must exist.

Einstein, properly speaking, is not responsible for his idea which is so popular just now. His only merit is that life has chosen him to be the receiver and transmitter of the idea of Relativity.

He has neither invented nor created this idea; he has, on the contrary, allowed himself to be dominated and fascinated by that which, existing long before he did, has chosen him to be its transmitter because without doubt Einstein is the best, the most sensitive, the most gifted for the task.

10 rue Faustain Helie Passy

DiManChE le 27

Tramway 12 Metro Passy

BOURDELOUX POUR DEUX PERSONNES
NOUVELLES ECOLES
POESIE
RUSSIE
mencera a 21 heures
la soirée sera honorée par la présence des MM
VICTOR HUGO & HONORÉ BALZAC

de la part de M. Larionow

Entitled "The News from Russia" or "We wonder what" Messrs. Kreymborg and Santayana
"think about it."

So it was with TABU.

We have neither created nor invented the idea, it is ours through a violent revelation, through an inexpressible shock. It has imposed itself.

Addressing itself only to the mind, TABU is a philosophical religion, without ethics; but of this we shall speak in the near future.

We wish today to be content with questions of Art corresponding to the new idea.

Up to this time the arts have all been sensual, as have religions. We no longer wish to produce an art for the body but for the mind.

We wish through forms, through colours, through it matters not what means, to express the mystery, the divinity of the universe, including all mysteries.

André Salmon, who last year in a criticism called us the renewers of a religious art, understood the hidden meaning of our new artistic manifestation.

We do not contend that the art TABU is superior to the sensual arts of all the successive and different schools up to this time, but we do think that we are bringing a new form of expression and new possibilities.

The world cannot be content always to be readjusting the same coat, making only partial changes; it needs a new coat from time to time.

Francis Picabia, the finest of the minds of the vanguard, sees in the appearance of TABU one of the benefits brought by DADA, and without doubt he is right, since DADA has made possible the famous cleaning up of conventions and conveniences approved of making a clean and free place for new ideas.

JEAN CROTTI

DADA—

“THE trouble is the *Little Review* never knows when to stop. Just now it is headed straight for Dada; but we could forgive even that if it would drop Else von Freytag-Loringhoven on the way.”—From an article by Harriet Monroe in *Poetry*.

Any one may say anything he pleases as long as he is willing to stand by what he says.

I don't think Harriet Monroe knew when to stop. But then we're different: we don't feel that we have ever suggested we were going to stop, not even at or in jail.

Harriet Monroe in a lyrical article in *Poetry*: “Renewal of Youth”: “Therefore let youth be free and strong, let it have room for its race and its shout, lest bars and shackles enslave the next age” . . . And then “bars” for Dada, “bars” for Else von Freytag—two sets of bars for the same thing! Miss Monroe should watch the poetic situation a little more carefully. The Baroness is the first American dada. We published her with joy in June, 1918. Dada wasn't so very old in Europe at that time.

The german dadaists are closer to madness than the french. The french still have expiations to make. The baroness does not belong to the german dadaists. She fails whenever she trips over her german skeleton and falls into a Goethe-Nietzsche wrestling with God. When she is dada she is the only one living anywhere who dresses dada, loves dada, lives dada.

However we do intend to drop the baroness—right into the middle of the history of American poetry!

Is Miss Monroe against dada because dada laughs, jeers, grimaces, gibbers, denounces, explodes, introduces ridicule into a too churchly game? Dada has flung its crazy bridges to a new consciousness. They are quite strong enough to hold the few in this generation who will pass over. Dada is making a contribution to nonsense.—jh.

EXPOSÉ

THERE is a heavy growth of mushroom art magazines all over the place. Harvard seems to be the best spore producer. There has come into existence a purely American article of manufacture: the harvard-artist. If a man is in any way dissatisfied with Harvard, if he revolts at any of the Harvard factory regulations, at the immediate modes of dress, haircut, or dance, all he has to do is to buy a tweed hat and leap into one of the arts—or better still, start an art magazine for the “Youngest or the Pappiest.” They are artists: glands notwithstanding. *Poetry* always extends them a welcome and a word of encouragement.

Secession, a little journal published by Americans in Vienna, has called itself to our attention by firing manifestos and copies of its first issue at us. In the manifestos it says that it intends to expose the secret history and private correspondence of its American contemporaries, the *Dial*, the *Broom*, and the *Little Review*. I have looked over the names of its staff: I remember having sent numerous rejection slips to some of them—but correspondence? If they can gather in enough of our correspondence they can be assured of one issue with some “noise” in it.

They intend “to usher in the new epoch” because they have “noticed many things deserving laughter in the present literary game.” Why not join the laugh and incidentally the epoch? No one had to tell Scott that he was rediscovering the South Pole: he could read the signs.

In the first number of this rabid sheet is an Exposé of the *Dial* in which this spanking editor of the “turbulent advance guard” arraigns the *Dial* for having no “obligation to homogeneity.” Obligation and reconciliation—are these words for laughter or not? His attack on Sherwood Anderson in the same article has an acrid scholastic stink. It throws him completely out of any connection with his own manifesto. Why make the physical age of the creative artist a measurement? Why swipe the time-honoured measure of the rocking-chair brigade?

I am not rushing to the rescue of the *Dial*. I don’t even appreciate the *Dial*. It seems to exist very altruistically and unassumingly to indorse in a small way our past efforts by publishing the work of the better-natured of our former contributors to a larger audience. Otherwise it is a safe, sane and decent magazine.

I shiver with fear at the exposé of the *Little Review*. I cross my fingers.—jh.

SHUFFLE ALONG— (APROPOS THE BALLET INTIME AT THE TOWN HALL)

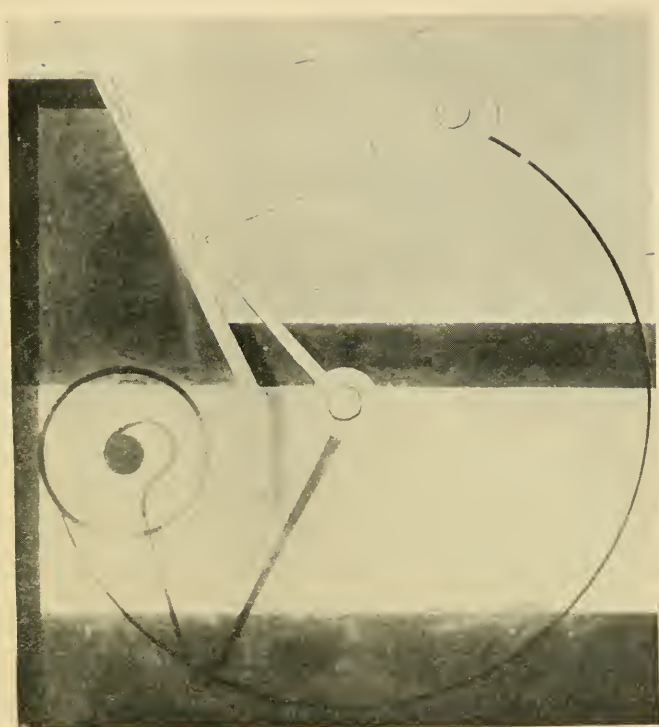
ALL the critics who attended the recent modern jubilee at the Town Hall, seemed to be labouring under the thoroughly modern delusion that to criticize a new work of Art they must bring all the values of the now commonplace mind,—imagination, capacity for aesthetic emotion, homogeneous reaction, and the power to say something equal to the thing criticized. This is a great mistake, for, like Art, art criticism has been and is progressing. Pure psychic experience has been replaced by pathological abandon. An Artist must now be judged by the strong maniacal rhythms of his neuroses, by the malefic activities of his glands, and by the general acuteness of his moral nostalgia. These are the familiar and more or less vulgar terms, and later on in my article I will show you, my dear readers, that there is a lofty and spiritual terminology for all these exalted and intense conditions of mind.

Art criticism is now Pathological Therapeutics. One critic seemed to feel (though rather vaguely) this fact, for in the course of his pulsating article he caught sight of one very valuable pathological point in the Szymanowski songs—viz., the lack of proper mating of melody and accompaniment, and openly accused Mme. Poldowski of a kind of sadistic abuse of her technique. Mme. Poldowski's affliction has been patiently explained by Dr. Freud. For the point on the Szymanowski songs, see "Musicritico-Therapeutics" by Dr. Divo, in which he points out a certain complex in the psychosis, creating a tendency to destroy the infallible law of nature that all products and species are, and give the definite impression of being exactly alike, inseparable, and indistinguishable.

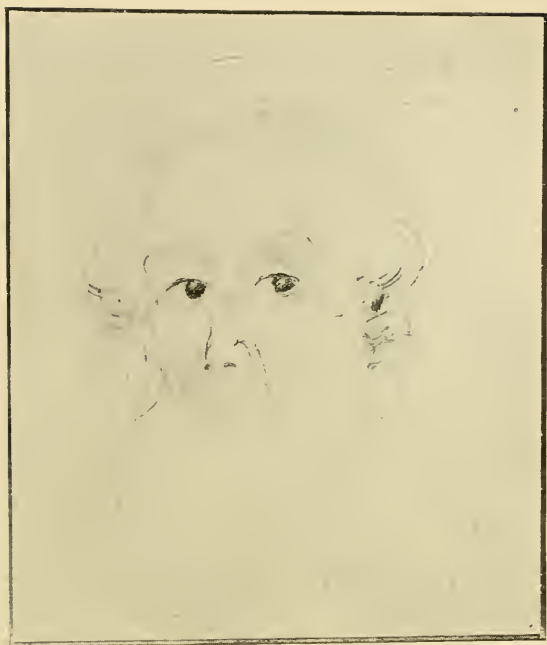
The singer and the accompanist, erudite and informed to the last degree in the new Art-activities, sang and played the songs of Szymanowski without emotions or feelings (these are *passé*) but with the utmost sympathy and conviction. I, as the pianist, will try to point out what I feel the composer was trying to do or did, in creating these songs. Mr. Szymanowski's place in the universe of music, first of all, is *juxta-spiatric*. These songs hang in the great *splado-cospathomane*, the *plexor-rhythm* of the universal dynamo. This great truth is part of the new mathematical *circum-psychose*, seen and understood only by the spherical mind. And how admirably he, the composer, has expressed this great *metempiric* condition of the metaphysical separation of the two *meta-coitic* contents, thus expressing the *catasmic* truth that two things operating together are not separate. Nature is done for, humanity is done for, facts are done for, traditions are done for, we are coming into the fourth dimensional existence; Mr. Szymanowski is there, and his audience and appreciators must be there. Music as Music is done for, humans as humans are done for, Critics as Critics are done for; we must now have the flights into "Otherness of the There" as Susan Glaspell says with luminous humanity; we must have a great intense preoccupation with the "nearly" if we would soar with spiritual wings to the Brooklyn bridge of the Universe.

Mr. Szymanowski's is a transcendental spiritual triumph, the psychic evolution (prefix "r" if you have those inclinations), the *psycho-peristalsic* progress of a great new mental experience!

ALLAN TANNER













THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE

THE low country of the lakes with its flowing blue waters, its sunken gray and yellow earth and low skies, is beautiful; yet there have been thrown down in it cities so mean, so cold, so dingy, and so ugly that in them any beautiful object is a marvelous thing. The eyes strain away out of the cities over the waters and the still sandy marshes, or turn up into the fathomless heights of the sky; and again and again in springtime, when small clusters of fruit trees and rose vines bloom here and there in the smoke with robins singing in the new sticky foliage, one seeks such spectacles out to walk near them. As for the cities' polyglot people, they are so harsh, so cold and silent, and so monotonous both in appearance and in their fierce activity, that among them any one only beautiful or charming becomes precious; a thrilling deed, a noble character, a great love, a deathless faith, or even a passionate hatred, or profound despair, is something to set apart, to cherish in the mind, to hoard and love.

For they dream, the people of those gray and far-off cities by the azure floods, as all must do or die; but their dreams are not good or sweet or high or noble.

Once it was evening in winter in the city and the great blue darkness had fallen upon the low plains, the waters, and the frozen marshes; the darkness had grown gray and misty; and after that, as usual within the city, it had become dead, cold, and dingy black. The long misty streets with their feeble pale-blue lamps were dingy; and though many hurrying people, rattling black gasoline motor vehicles, and broken dirty tramcars passed in them, yet they remained dreary. One of the half dozen very long streets which lie across the others and meet like the spokes of a half-wheel, was dark and cold when I walked into it. It had large furniture shops full of coloured lamps; tobacco and shoe shops well lighted up; and Jews' shops with every sort of cheap glittering merchandise to catch the eyes of the crowd of stupid whites and Negroes who occupied this quarter; yet it

seemed bleak and empty. The people hurried along in silence; old snow lay frozen hard in the dark dirty corners; and the dust was thick. Over the roofs the sky seemed particularly black, foggy, and cold.

It was night.

No sound except those of the vehicles flying over the rough pavement, the pounding tramcars that passed, and the shoes of the hurrying people. . . . but at last, at intervals above the other sounds there came what seemed to be a voice raised in shouting or speaking; and on coming to a place where two mean dark side streets met I found on the pavement a short plump gentle but very earnest Negro of forty who was urging upon passers the principles of Jesus' teaching. He used the inflection and diction of Negroes in this part of the world, but he was neatly dressed and wore a greatcoat; his head was bare, for he had placed his round black hat against an iron hydrant for the reception of coins. Four or five men who had turned aside from the main street were listening to him; more, however, were going into the half-screened drinking places all about. Besides, the farther side of the street in which he stood contained a row of little dark wooden buildings that held Negro brothels.

It was a dusty winter night.

"You men, naow:" the Negro was crying in a ringing, pleasing voice, "you got to be good! You got to do as God says! It ain't gwine do you no good to pray to God if you don't do as He says! Don't you go to fightin and killin and gamblin and then pray to God. It ain't gwine do you no good! First you got to quit yo fightin, quit yo killin, quit yo drinkin, quit yo gamblin, quit yo swarin, quit yo whore-mongerin: God does not wish you to do these things! Then you go to Him and pray! And He's gwine hear what you say!"

The utterance of these words with singular force in that stirring melodious voice, and the face and form of the little man made lovely by joy, faith and good will, shone in that bleak cold street, it seemed to me, like glittering gold shining from the gutter dust.

I drew nearer and listened to him say that he had come here because he had been bidden by God to go among men and preach the Word, not as preached in worldly churches but as the

prophets of Israel and the Apostles preached it long ago. Men must be truthful, kindly, abstemious; then all would be well with them. They must understand one another, sympathize with one another, and love one another. That was the Word. When all did so, then God's kingdom would have come on earth. Meantime the few who knew the truth and strove to live by it would, even though they were lonely and cast out, become happy, strong, and courageous. Theirs would be a life unattainable by the gross and careless, a life inconceivable by such, yet the life that all men really desired, the life that was man's heritage.

Aside, as it were, for the assurance of timid children, he illustrated some of the workings of God's plan. Once a man had received God into his heart and was trying earnestly to live according to His will, God would not neglect or desert him either in this world or any other. He himself was but a humble servant bidden to teach and expound the Word. And since he strove to do this, even though he never succeeded as he wished to, yet God had blessed him forty years with health and strength and the means to live. "The servant am worthy of his hire," God had said, yet so merciful and kind was God that, "Jes so long as you try the best you can, He'll stand by you. Money an things is the least, but He'll see to them too. Ah don't have to worry. When Ah get out of money He sends me means to get some. Ah don't owe nobody a cent tonight 'cept seventy-five cents fo coal, and the man said the' wasn't no hurry for that; but Ah'm goin to pay him tomorrow night. And this week Ah was down to the Boahd of Public Works and they said they'd put me to work next Wednesday mornin shovellin up ashes in the alleys. Ah'm gwine be there. So I get on. Kase Ah'm tryin to do as God said. He'll do jes the same by you. If you wonder who I am to stand out here and tell you this, Ah'm Brothah Frank Burns, Servant of the Lord, come to preach the Word like ole Isaiah and Jeremiah and ole Jonah—an like ole Peter an Paul an Silas. They said what Ah'm tellin you naow! Kase that's God's Word that'll make you happy an strong an glad!"

Bright earnestness! steadfast belief! Rapture stirring in your heart! But two city policemen come through the dark streets where the brothels are, making their way swiftly in the gloom, and they hear the preacher's voice and raise their heads. They

are not patrolling and have not their bludgeons, but one immediately gives the other a package he has been carrying and hurries across the street behind the speaker: a short burly man, pink faced and grim, active and strong, with the bold insolence and cruelty of the police. The buttons and silver shield glitter on the breast of his clean blue greatcoat; the forepiece and shield shine on his heavy cap. Without a word he takes the speaker from behind by arm and neck, jerks him violently backward, choking him, and all but throws him to the pavement. "*Here! Here! Here!*" he cries. "What are *you* doing?"

Startled, the Negro tries to keep his feet and twist his head so as to see his assailant. But he manfully seeks to explain.

"Where's your *permit*?" asks the policeman.

"Judge tole me Ah didn't need to have no *permit*—"

"Git to hell out of here!"

The Negro is thrown forward almost to his knees and flung about. Very firmly he declares: "Ah've come here to speak the Word of the Lord like the old prophets in de Bible. Folks must know this. Judge he tole me—"

At that the policeman tightens his hold with one hand, strikes him on the head with his fist, and hurls him to the pavement. The second officer, a taller man, runs in. And the big crowd that has gathered during the few moments of parley closes about to see. Again and again the little Negro is thrown down, struck, and dragged in the dust. He gasps out his purpose as he can. The dark cold street resounds with the noise of newcomers rushing up to see; in the midst are the scuffle, the blows, the Negro's voice, the dust. At length, tossing along in the midst of the crowd, the preacher is swept round a corner and pushed and pulled along past a dark little medical school, a cross street, and a long hospital with a dimly lighted coloured statue of the Virgin aloft in a front gable. Over the way are a shadowy park with bare trees and a waterless basin, and beyond this some old public buildings. The Negro's once neat clothes are twisted, half pulled from him, and covered with dust and mud, his body is beaten, and his faith insulted; but in a voice grown a little hysterical, choked too by the hand of the policeman, he continues to declare his purpose. The policeman grips him from behind and rushes him along, the

other follows carrying the round black hat and half entreating, half commanding the curious crowd to keep off and go away. Then the captive is taken round another corner and in through the dark basement door of a public building. The second policeman follows and closes the door. Then all go away quickly except me.

I wait for a time; the tallest policeman comes out and goes away, and soon afterward the burly attacker with his parcel; they hurry off as if to make up lost time. And after an interval the little preacher comes himself, alone and somewhat put to rights; goes quietly back around the corner, past the hospital and medical school and the park and on toward the corner where he was taken. But he seems to consider his work for this night done, for he does not stop but picks his way across the street of business and starts off northward as if beginning a long journey. I follow him curiously for two kilometers or more, but at last, concluding from the way he looks about when he passes under the street lights that he suspects he is being followed, I turn off and go my way.

Next night he is at his corner again, with a large crowd about him this time, for it is the gay free night before the Sabbath when the people have their wages for the week. Crowds are entering and leaving the brothels; loud cheery talk sounds everywhere, in the dark and in the cold blue light of the street lamps; and coins fall steadily into the hat by the hydrant. A tall spectacled friend, well dressed in fur cap and greatcoat with fur collar, accompanies the little preacher tonight and treats him disdainfully; but just as before, with the same bright earnestness, the little man tells simply of his "mission," of God's laws and God's promises, and urges obedience to God. Without dismay, even with some zest, he speaks of last night: "Let em come an git me again," he says, "Ah'll be right back. They'll have to carry me though," he adds quickly. "I ain't gwine to fight em. That's what makes all the trouble, men, folks always a fightin. You boys," he cries earnestly, "don't you ever go to fightin; don't you ever go off to no war and kill folks. If they try to make you, don't you care. Let em do what they can, but don't you care. The Lord said, 'Don't do it!' He does not wish you to do it! An God'll

look after you. Jes you obey Him an don't you worry!"

Introducing his companion, he assures his audience that this is "a splendid speaker," and he listens eagerly to the other's halting, practiced: "Ah didn't expect to be called on to speak yeah this even"; and interpolates quick bright "Amen"s, "Yes, He will"s, and "Bless His Name"s during the exhortation that followed.

That night they are not attacked or molested.

But at a gathering of Negroes on a later night I see the same brisk strange little man standing unnoticed by himself at one side of the hall, and I go to him and assure him of my sympathy and tell him that I was present the night he was attacked. He passes over that hastily; it was nothing; he has had many such experiences; but when I ask him about himself he answers my questions obligingly, though with some diffidence. He knows nothing of his parents except that before the emancipation one or both were slaves; he has been taught scarcely anything; and has done hard work all his life. In his youth he joined a church and began to preach, but having come soon afterward to see the quality of churches and to be aware of his "mission," he travelled "north" and began to go about working and preaching. He belongs to no church and disapproves of all alike. He has no property, permitting himself nothing but poverty and labour. Already he is looked down upon as improvident by those who know him. His wife has left him, not relishing her lot with him, for they were forced always to lodge in the poorest parts of the towns they visited. The intolerance and hate of white Americans for Negro people made their lives harder than they would otherwise have been. Single rooms near small independent "missions houses," if there were any that suited, were their temporary homes; and from one such the wife went at last to visit at the town of Nashville in the distant state of Tennessee, and she has not come back. Her intention to do so was vague at her departure. Her husband has suffered a great deal through her desertion and has humbly and pitifully begged her by letter to return, but he has born her failure to do so and goes on with his work. He is not loved, nor even much liked by anyone, I find later; he and his preaching, his high standards, his belief, his self-reliance and

fearlessness, even his good temper, seem disquieting to others, irritating, a bore, something to escape.

During that year he remained in the city by the flood preaching and working at hard manual labour.

But the next winter, well along toward the end, there was an epidemic of pneumonia and my little apostle was stricken suddenly and removed to a cheerless public hospital. There, gasping and choking so horribly that it was almost impossible to watch him, he died the night of his arrival. Nothing but a rickety screen of wood and cloth separated him from a score of other sick men when he died. Next night, washed and dressed in its usual neat clothes, with white linen and a gay coloured cravat, the beautiful plump little figure lay in a hideous black coffin with cheap white lining in the lonely gloomy little mission house that he had found somewhere off on the northern edge of the town. Two or three people watched perfunctorily by the body; but though it was almost spring and the day had been wet, the place grew cold as the night waned, and became almost intolerably dismal and horrible.

The next day, when he was buried, was just such another old winter day, really a wet spring day. The low dirty white sky was heavy with the breath of the lakes; the air was thick with rain; and the filthy snow melted in corners and mingled its muddy dirty water with that which dripped in showers from the soaked and swollen black roofs. The motor vehicles, tram-cars, and the thousands of feet splashed the water onto the morose people, the buildings, and the shop windows. The Negro's wife, not much affected, arrived from Nashville in time to attend the service at the mission house and to go in the cortege to the cemetery.

I left the service early, and riding on various trams and walking part of the time, crossed the low flat scattered city to the great out-of-the-way cemetery off on the western edge where he was to be buried. This tract lies beyond a vast expanse of the dirty little wooden houses of the city, which stand wall to wall along endless monotonous streets; but it lies on the bank of a little winding stream that is tributary to the great one by which the city stands. High stone supports and black iron palings fence the great cemetery, which stretches away out of

sight among poor streets, roads, fields, and woods. Large parts of its surface have been covered with turf or diversified by small artificial mounds and slopes; but the turf is now gray and dead; the yellow sand shows through in many places; and the square stones, urns, painted iron benches, and unsubstantial looking tombs that stand in clusters, are tiny. In making the mounds the trunks of many of the trees were buried almost to the branches, and these trees look fat, stubby, and short-legged in the gray mist. A heavy odour of warm, salty grease hangs in the lower air, a suggestive stench from a factory for reducing fats somewhere in the neighborhood. There are winding macadam roads through the cemetery.

When I have waited a little while at a place which has recently been added for the graves of poor people, the great black motor coach, splashed with mud, appears suddenly out of the city and enters one of the large stone gates at the south-eastern corner. There is a stone lodge here, and a bell over the gates tolls briefly as the coach comes in. Then the vehicle follows a road parallel to a lonely bare wet red-paved street outside, in which long dingy trolley cars pass at intervals; and comes quickly to where I am. The sand here is entirely bare; the few old forest trees are neglected; and the graves lie in long close rows. They have no stones, but there are dead rotten flowers on some of the newest, fluttering dismally from cardboard frames wound with lead foil and adorned with letters of crinkly paper. Some graves have been covered with white cotton cloth fastened to the ground by pegs; but that is all. Ragged rotten brown leaves lie in the hollows of the sand, where brown weeds stand; and wet newspapers are blown about by the cold wind.

In this shabby somber place on the dun earth of the boundless lake country, beside the harsh ugly city in which he has been an unwelcome stranger, but under the great white sky, too, the body of the servant of God is to be laid.

The coach stops in the muddy road and the escort, all Negroes except the undertaker and his agile assistant, descend in the mist. Those who are to carry the coffin gather uncertainly, and with the assistance of the undertaker and his man take it down. Then an irregular procession is formed, the

bearers take off their hats, and slowly and stumbly all move off up the slope on a mat of tan jute with two red stripes that has been laid on the mud, and make their way among the graves. Shabby ordinary people in their greatcoats and hats of different colours, with their umbrellas and rubber storm shoes, no one of them is much moved as they creep with their dead man like tiny worms on the yellow sand beneath the sky. When the poor black coffin has been put down on the canvas bands of the wooden frame around the grave, all stand back quietly while something that I cannot hear at my distance is read or said. Some of the women sob out then. And the coffin descends slowly from sight into the damp yellow sand.

Out at a distance over the swampy fields beyond the stream, large black crows flap noisily around a lone tree; from a tiny locomotive on railway trackage far away white steam rises with a faint roar. The mist in the air is rapidly turning to falling rain.

After a short pause the party straggles back to the coach, some who have started first pausing to look at the other graves and the dead flowers. A few remain for a moment by the open grave looking down. But very soon all are again in their places and the coach is rolling away among the slopes. It passes out at the stone gate and back into the city. And then old German labourers, who have been waiting not far off, approach the grave rheumatically and set aside the few flowers that have been left on the pile of fresh sand, which is partly covered by a green waxed cloth and evergreen branches. They put on and screw down the lid of the new wooden overbox; earth is thrown in; and before the early gloomy rainy nightfall the grave of Brother Frank Burns, Servant of the Lord, is almost filled.

But I went from the place almost unmindful of the irony of what had happened, almost unmindful of the night and the mist and the vastness of the wet sky; so touching and agitating had been that fair bright vain dream, that pure and simple heart, advancing eager, strong, and radiant to conquer the menacing shadows of life and death.

WILLIAM JITRO

THE "ART SEASON"

TITLE lifted from line on cover of *The Arts*—"appearing monthly during the art season." Gunning, cloaks and suits and art. . . .

This is a review, not a criticism.

Criticism in New York is one of the allied fashion-designing trades. The art talk of the lay-intellectual is a radio of the fashion-art journals. Every smart journal has its Well-Dressed Man and its well-dressed artist feature. *The Dial* has Paul Rosenfeld.

The commercialization of music has made an oppression for the artist and a confusion for the public. Half-baked home talents and merely good performers who insist on being artists are belched before the public by advertising. But Art cleans up after itself, as nature does. Spurious reputations fade or meet violent deaths.

Elly Ney was the queen of the season's advertisement-made artists. Elly Ney at her sewing-machine, expressing the domestic emotions: or Mrs. Golem.

The Ballet Intime at the Town Hall and the Varese concerts were direct-to-the-consumer stunts. The Ballet was as much fun as a children's party. The audience: artists, friends of artists, and those who knowingly risked the "modern." The program tested no one's courage. Szymanowski, not modern at all in the modern sense, disturbed and irritated "lovers of music." Dean Paul's efforts are more related to feminine ectoplasm than to creation; Carpenter's slightly still-born. The Krazy Kat part of Krazy Kat was fascinating: a contribution to the literature of clowns. I should like to see it with Jerry Kern music and a negro Kat.

Varese and his Composers' Guild could have taken a pattern from the Ballet and lifted his concerts from the lugubrious. To present work that can not get a hearing elsewhere, to give the composer a chance, is his plan. There is no dynamic in the organization or presentation: it is only half a plan: the programs cautious, the general atmosphere that of being given under the auspices of poverty or of a penal institution.

Dynamics bring me to the Chicago Opera! Dynamics in this case and no plan. Mary Garden as Director drew in as much publicity as the War. The Chicago financiers failed her. Like true farmers they kept her doing chores about the endowment. They did nothing with the publicity. One new production ("The Three Oranges") and for the rest scenery that the vaudeville would reject. Progressive men with a vision who spend their money intelligently! Regard the placing of Jeritza by well-handled publicity. But as I said Art cleans up after itself. This blond wife and lady will last with the critics and the public about three years. With the artists she didn't appear at all.

Too many people enjoyed Chaliapine.

The great Orchestras are steadily playing themselves into oblivion.

There is a growth of seedling composers coming up in this country. Watch George Antheil.

Our so-called better theatres and our should-do better writers produced

aesthetic nullities all over the place.

The Theatre Guild bills didn't lure. The French plays were crimes of stupidity; "What the Public Wants" no one seemed to want; "Methuselah" was an endurance test to be avoided, but "He Who Gets Slapped" might have been a play had it been given a chance: Andreyeff would have been good enough for me. Was Mr. Bennett the only actor living at the time of the production? When the Guild has given Richard Bennett and Arnold Daly a chance they might get John Drew to do a skit for them.

The Provincetown Players will soon confine their bills to Glaspell and O'Neill. "The Verge" (Susan Glaspell) created frenzies of conversation among the fireside analysts. Freudians, behaviourists, and gland-sleuths all fought for the correct statement of the heroine. I think the glands should have her. She operated like a mad thymus.—Gene O'Neill's "Hairy Ape" is the working-man's "Verge."

This seemed to be the year when the good plain play swarmed—plays built on passing phases of the social structure. At the Neighbourhood, "Madras House": all problems, and all its little problems devitalized out of existence by a few years and one war. "The Pigeon" at the Greenwich Village, with the whole company in the true Sunday rhythm of Mr. Galsworthy. It is tiresome when a writer always chooses the extraordinary, but to be fatuous about the commonplace is christian.

"Ambush" opened and closed the problem of the self-supporting flapper. "Hindle Wakes" revived? at the Vanderbilt. Virtue disowned: now among ancient customs.

There is now and then a new adventure for those who want to be "up." "Chauve-Souris" at the 49th Street Theatre is great fun for everybody. An adolescent program: art student invention interspersed with Russian versions of Silver Threads among the Gold, colour, joy, simplicity, and clean work.

"Shuffle Along" long ago became the club of several well-known artists. No one who saw it saw it only once. Swing, swagger, rhythm, laughter, and sounds of another race. Through all the white-man-Broadway-buncome they show what they will do when they are really ready. There are negroes working on true negro operas.—Florence Mills has the voice of lunar oboes and the love songs of crocodiles.

Everything can be faced to see a clown: the froth of girls with Ed Wynn, the banalities of the Hippodrome for the Four Fun Makers, and the Circus indoors. The New York audience is the same at the circus as at Carnegie Hall. It sits stolidly before every manifestation except the endurance test. Only a lady acrobat flying around her arm socket for half an hour or the speed of a virtuoso can draw admiration and applause.

"The Kid" seems to have finished an epoch in the wistful Charlie's career. "Pay Day" is repetitious. There is the "Caligari" field to be explored. The entire aspect of today is in the work of the modern painters, poets, musicians. Chaplin could rescue himself that way.—The movies have produced for one public only until they have become their own afterbirth.

Undoubtedly all those who complain of John Quinn's "selfishness" dashed to the exhibitions at the Sculptors' Galleries. The three exhibitions were almost solidly from Mr. Quinn's collection.

Bouché under wanamaker surveillance pulled off some modern shows at the Belmaison. His own show at Daniel's: peevish amusement in paint.—Marin, etc., emphasize the fact that for some of us painting has ceased to express through the medium of Nature and the visible world.—Some of the painters are going in for camera creation and new forms of cinema: Sheeler, Duchamp, etc.

"Bogie" has a new book of poems "Introducing Irony" (Liveright). Bodenheim is apart from any group. His poems are only half of it: when not writing poetry he goes about disturbing the normal infatuations. He even holds a salon in the Village called "Thumbs Down." Published first in the *Little Review*.

Ezra Pound has gathered his recent work into a small volume called "Poems 1918-1921" (Liveright). Only Pound should review Pound.—Several weeks ago we received a note from Mrs. Ezra Pound (in Rodker's handwriting) announcing Ezra's death; also some phoney death masks. Whatever the hoax (?) as far as we are concerned Ezra will have to be satisfied to go on living.

Aldous Huxley in "Crome Yellow" (Doran) does the immediate generation as no outsider could do it.

Joyce's "Ulysses" in book form is as stupendous in size as it is in import.

The new style in "non-fiction" is chatty, with homebrew humour: Van Loon's "Story of Mankind": "Constantine, sometimes (Heaven knows why) called Constantine the Great, was a terrible ruffian". . . .

—jh.

ERRATA LIST FOR COCTEAU'S "CAPE OF GOOD HOPE"

p 44	Read: familiar of ink	instead of	familiar ink
p 45	invaded		Invaded
p 45	goes		Goes
p 46	obstructs a plant		obstructs an
	infallible		plant infallible
p 46	put in:		
	Let us unline ourselves		
	from our dreams		
	the rye kernel		
p 47	Read: it is I		It is I
p 61	counting		couning
p 66	country		country
p 66	Yser		Year
p 68	of poppies		op poppies
p 69	and so that		and so that I
	David		David
p 70	that black wind		that back wind
p 73	I had found you out		I had founded you out
p 75	aviary		aviay
p 77	herse		horse
p 77	to the Grand Canal		To the Grand Canal
p 77	where a naturally slow ox cart		where naturally slow ox cart
p 81	around		aound
p 84	of a fabulous plague		of fabulous plague
p 84	heather		heater
p 85	ahead		a head
p 87	artificial		artifial

(Practically every one of the above errata appeared in the original type-written manuscript and are not due to careless proof-reading.—The editor.)

Four Books which we believe readers of
THE LITTLE REVIEW
 will wish to read

RAHAB

By WALDO FRANK

RAHAB will undoubtedly be attacked by the critical descendants of those who reviled Walt Whitman and by those who heard nothing but dissonances in the Wagner they now acclaim as the master melodist. But for all this departure from the usual, the elemental directness of this simple tale, its portrayal of varied contemporary types and of such living issues as the "double standard" and the interplay in our society of Gentile and Jew, mean only that Mr. Frank has made his art of the common stuff of everyday American life. It is the sober conviction of the publishers that RAHAB is the peer in significance and power of Flaubert's *Bovary*, Dostoyevsky's *The Idiot*, Hardy's *Tess*. In it the author of "Our America" and "The Dark Mother" reaches his full maturity. \$2.00

THE ENORMOUS ROOM

By E. E. CUMMINGS

John V. A. Weaver, in a recent review, writes: "When I took up 'The Enormous Room' I was fully prepared with smelling salts, morphine and sweet spirits of ammonia; any reaction might be expected. Any, I mean, except the one I got. Astounded pleasure. What on earth happened to Cummings? How did he ever write what is to me the most interesting book the war has produced? I give up. But there it is..... Cummings has recorded even more horrifying conditions than Dos Passos. But through and through his story is the never-failing joshing, laughing, kidding, joking in the sewer, as it were....What a drama! Under the stress of confinement and misery, Cummings found something." \$2.00

INTRODUCING IRONY

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

Burton Rascoe in The New York Tribune recommends this amazing book: "As being the most unusual and distinctive volume of poetry of the season; as being the second volume of a poet whom we find to be one of the five most interesting and original in America; as being a product of the most delicately balanced emotional and analytical minds we have encountered, and as containing a quality even more rare in poetry than it is in prose—authentic irony." \$2.00

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Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of The Little Review, published quarterly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1922. State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Margaret Anderson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Editor of The Little Review, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Margaret Anderson, 27 W. 8th St., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Margaret Anderson, 27 W. 8th St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Margaret Anderson, 27 W. 8th St., New York, N. Y.; Business Managers, Margaret Anderson, 27 W. 8th St., New York, N. Y. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Margaret Anderson, 27 W. 8th St., New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Margaret Anderson. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of April, 1922. James Bondy. [Seal.] (My commission expires March 30, 1923.)

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